

THE *fulgar*
PILGRIM,
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Written Originally
By *Mr.* FLETCHER.

And now very much alter'd, with several Additions.

LIKEWISE
A PROLOGUE, EPILOGUE, DIALOGUE, and
MASQUE.

Written by the late Great Poet,
Mr. DRYDEN.

Just before his Death ; being the last of his WORKS.

L O N D O N :
Printed for C. BATHURST ; and Sold by BENJ.
BOURN, under the *Royal Exchange*.
MDCCLIII.

Persons Represented.

M E N.

Alphonso, an old angry Gentleman. Mr. *Johnson*.
Curio, } His two Friends.
Seberto, }
Pedro, the Pilgrim, a noble Gentleman, } Mr. *Wilks*.
 Servant to *Alinda*. }
Roderigo, Rival to *Pedro*, Captain of the } Mr. *Powell*.
 Outlaws. }
Lopez, } Two Outlaws under *Roderigo*.
Jaques, }
 An old Pilgrim.
 Governor of *Segovia*. Mr. *Simson*.
Verdugo, a Captain under him.
 A Gentleman of the Country.
Courtiers, *Porter*, and *Beggars*.
Master, and Keeper of the Mad Folks.
A Scholar }
A Parson } Madmen. }
An Englishman }
A Welshman }
A Taylor } Mr. *Thomas*.
 } Mr. *Haynes*.
 } Mr. *Cibber*.
 } Mr. *Norris*.
 } Mr. *Pinkethman*.
 Servants and Peasants.

W O M E N.

Alinda, Daughter to *Alphonso*, } Mrs. *Oldfield*.
 in Love with *Pedro*. }
Fuletta, *Alinda*'s Maid, a smart Lass, Mrs. *Moor*.
A Fool.



P R O.



*OW wretched is the Fate of those who write!
H Brought muzzled to the Stage, for fear they
bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the
Common Foe ;*

Lugg'd by the Critick, baited by the Beau.
Yet worse, their Brother Poets Damn the Play,
And roar the loudest, tho' they never Pay.
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low Character, — That's I.
He, who writes Letters to himself, wou'd swear
The World forgot him, if he was not there.
What shou'd a Poet do? 'Tis hard for One
To pleasure all the Fools that wou'd be shown:
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town.
Most Coxcombs are not of the Laughing Kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.

*Quack Marus, tho' he never took Degrees
In either of our Universities;
Yet to be shown by some kind Wit he looks,
Because he plaid the Fool and writ Three Books.
But, if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen,
He must be more a Fool, and write again:*

P R O L O G U E.

*For all the former Fustian Stuff he wrote,
 Was Dead-born Doggrel, or is quite forgot ;
 His Man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew Robe,
 Is just the Proverb, and As poor as Job.
 One wou'd have thought he cou'd no longer jog ;
 But Arthur was a Level, Job's a Bog.
 There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in Sight ;
 But here, he founders in, and sinks down right.
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
 Tobit had first been turn'd to Ridicule :
 But our bold Briton, without Fear or Awe,
 O'er-leaps, at once, the whole Apocrypha ;
 Invades the Psalms with Rhymes, and leaves no Room
 For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.*

*But when if, after all, this Godly Geer
 Is not so senseless as it wou'd appear ;
 Our Mountebank has laid a deeper Train,
 His Cant, like Merry Andrew's Noble Vein,
 Cat-Calls the Sects, to draw 'em in again.
 At leisure Hours, in Epick Song he deals,
 Writes to the Rumbling of his Coach's Wheels,
 Prescribes in Haste, and seldom kills by Rule,
 But rides Triumphant between Stool and Stool.*

*Well, let him go ; 'tis yet too early Day,
 To get himself a Place in Farce or Play.
 We know not by what Name we should Arraign him,
 For no one Category can contain him ;
 A Pedant, Canting Preacher, and a Quack,
 Are Load enough to break one Ass's Back :
 At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
 Traduc'd Two Kings, their Kindness to requite ;
 One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the Knight.*

T H E



T H E
P I L G R I M, &c.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Cur. **E**ignior *Alphonso*, you are too rugged with her, too harsh; indeed you are.

S

Alph. Yes, it seems so.

Seb. A Father of so sweet a Child, so good, so beautiful; Fye, Sir, Fye, so excellent a Creature.

Alp. She's a Fool; away.

Seb. Can you be Angry? Can any Wind blow rough upon a Blossom so fair and tender? Can a Father's Nature, a Noble Father's too?

Alph. All this is but Prating: Let her be rul'd; let her observe my Humour; with my Eyes let her see; with my Ears let her hear; I am her Father; I begot her; I bred her, and by *Jupiter* I will——

Seb. No doubt you may compel her, but think how wretched you by Force may make her.

Alph. Wretched! wretched! Is't not a Man I force her to? A Noble Man; A Rich Man; A Handsome Man; A Young Man; A Strong Man; none of your piec'd Companions, none of your washy Rogues, that fly to Fitters upon every Puff of Weather. I force her to a strong Dog, don't I? What would the Flirt have?

Seb. I grant you, *Roderigo* is all these, and a brave Gentleman: But does it therefore follow, she must doat upon him? Will you allow no Liberty in Chusing?

Cur. Alas she's tender yet.

A 3

Alph.

Alph. Tough, Tough, Tough as the Devil; you see I can't break her.

Seb. You put her to too hard a Trial: You know tho' he has Merit, he's a banish'd Man, an Out-law; you know the Life he leads; that he's the Head of a rough Band of Robbers; judge what Effect his bloody Rapines must needs, e're this, have work'd upon his Nature. A rugged Mate, I doubt, for such a Dove.

Cur. Rugged indeed; such different Tempers, where can you ever hope to reconcile?

Alph. Abed, abed, D'ye hear? abed, Sir. She won't find him so rugged there, I'll warrant you: She'll find Ways to soften him. And for the Pranks he plays in's Banishment, it shews he's a mettled Fellow: He'll make 'em weary o' their Sentence; a small Composition will restore him. But I know the Secret of all this: My Minx has some other in View; some flickering Slave or other, some sweet-scented Coxcomb, that — a — Sings, I'll warrant you, and — a — Lutes it, Languishes, and has no Beard; ha! Is't not so?

Seb. So far from what you charge her with, I wou'd engage my Life, she has not yet a Glance to answer for.

Cur. I never yet beheld more Modesty.

Seb. Nor I, in one so young; so much Discretion.

Alph. — Hum — and yet there was a Fellow (Dead I hope) whom I have seen her glance at, 'till I thought the Husky wou'd have struck her Eyes into the Rascal.

Seb. Pray, who was that?

Alph. Pedro, Sir, only Pedro, old Fernando's hopeful Heir; my mortal Foe, whose Family I wish consum'd; that's all, Sir.

Seb. If that be all, you have nothing left to fear; for Pedro, urg'd by secret Discontent, has left his Father, Friends, and all; and, as 'tis said is gone to range the World.

Alph. With all my Heart. He was a Beggar, so Strolling is his Business.

Cur. He was a Beggar, but a noble Beggar; Shame on the Court for suffering him to be so.

Alph. Shame on those who encourage Beggars, I say. Here's

The PILGRIM.

Here's this young Slut, in the midst of her Rebellion, is so very religious, she undoes me with her Charity. Why, what a Crew of Vermin have I about my Door every Day to receive Meat, Drink, and Money from her fair Hands. Not a Rogue that can say his Prayers, groan, and turn his Pipe to Lamentation, but she thinks she's bound to dance to.

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Alph. O, are you there, Mistrefs? Well, how goes Disobedience To day? — That's a base, down Look — Ah you sturdy young Jade.

Cur. Pray be more gentle to her.

Alph. Pray be quiet; I know best how to deal with her: And I will make her obey, or I will make her —

Alin. Sir, you may make me any thing; you know I'm all Obedience, there's nothing but my Prayers and Tears oppose you.

Alph. Then will I oppose nothing but your Prayers and Tears. Now I hope you can't complain of me.

Cur. Poor Lady, how I pity her!

Alph. Pray keep your Pity for a better Occasion. Look you, Gentlewoman, you know my Will; and, in that, you know all: So I leave you, to digest it; and I desire these Gentlemen will do so too.

Cur. Seb. A better Hour attend you, Madam.

Exit Alphonso, followed by Curio and Seberto.

Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen: Alas! I want such Comforts. Wou'd I cou'd thank you too, Father; but your Cruelty won't give me Leave. Grant, Heav'n, I mayn't forget my Duty to him.

Jul. If you do Madam, Heav'n will forgive you for't, ne'er fear it. A perverse old Rogue. *[Aside.]*

Alin. What Poor attend my Charity To-day, *Juletta*?

Jul. Enough of all Sorts, Madam; some that deserve Pity, some that don't; But I wish you wou'd be merry with your Charity; a Chearful Look becomes it.

Alin. Alas! *Juletta*, what is there for me to be merry at? What Joy have I in View?

Jul. Joy; why what Joy, i'th name of *Venus*, wou'd you have, but a Husband? a handsome lusty young Fel-

low, that will make such a Bustle about you, he'll send your Spleen to the Devil, Madam.

Alin. Away, light Fool; I doubt there's poor Contentment to be found in Marriage: Yet cou'd I find a Man——

Jul. You may a Thousand.

Alin. Meer Men, I know I may. But such a Man, from whose Example (as from a Compass) we may steer our Course, and safe arrive at such a Memory as shall become our Ashes; such Men are rare indeed. But no more of this; 'tis not Discourse that's suited to thy giddy Temper: Let's in, and see what poor afflicted Wretches want my Charity. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Porter, Beggars, Pedro and an old Pilgrim.

Port. Stand off, and keep your Ranks. Twenty Foot farther. There Louse yourselves with Reason and Discretion ——— The Sun shines warm. No nearer. The farther still the better: Your Beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1st Beg. Hey ho! Heav'n bless our Mistrefs.

Port. Does the Craek go that way, old Hunger, ha? 'Twill be o' my side anon.

1st Beg. Pray, Friend, be kind to us.

Port. Friend! your Friend; and why your Friend Sirrah, Meager Chaps? What do you see in me, Louse-trap, or without me, ha! that I should be your Friend? Have I got the Itch, Scrub, or do I look like some of thy Acquaintance hung in Gibbets? This young soft-hearted Mistrefs of mine does make these Rogues so familiar.

1st Beg. I'm sure I would be your Worship's Friend.

Port. No doubt on't, Vermin; and so you shall, when I quarter the same Louse with you.

2d Beg. I'm sure it's Twelve a Clock.

Port. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching; for that provokes thy Stomach to ring Noon.
O the

O the infinite Seas of Porridge thou hast swallowed ! Alms do you call it, to relieve these Rascals ?

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Sebarto.

Alph. Look you there ! Did not I tell you how she wou'd undoe me ! What Marts of Rogues and Beggers !

Seb. 'Tis Charity, methinks you are bound to love her for.

Alph. Yes, I'll warrant you. If Men cou'd fail to Heaven in Porridge-pots, with Mafts of Beef and Mutton, what a Voyage should I make ? What are all these here ?

1st Beg. Poor People, an't like your Worship.

2d Beg. Wretched poor People.

3d Beg. Very hungry People.

Alph. And very Lousy. And what are you ! *(to the Pilg.*

Old Pilg. Strangers, that come to wonder at your Charity ; yet People poor enough to beg a Blessing.

Cur. Use 'em gently, Sir, they have a reverend Mein, You are Holy Pilgrims, are you not ?

Old Pilg. We are, Sir, and bound far off, to offer our Devotions.

Alph. What do you do here then ? We have no Reliques, no holy Shrines.

Old Pilg. The Holiest we ever heard of : You keep a living Monument of Goodness ; a Daughter of that Pious Excellence, the very Shrines of Saints sink at her Virtue. We come to see this Lady, not with prophane Eyes, or wanton Blood, to doat upon her Beauty ; but through our tedious Way, to beg her Blessing.

Alph. This is a new Way of Begging ; these Commendations cry Money for Reward, good Store too : Ah ! the Sainting of this young Harlot will cost me dear.

(To Pedro.) Well Sir, have you got your Compliments ready too, and your empty Purse ? Hah ! What nothing but a Bow, Modesty ?

Cur. A handsome well-look'd Man.

(Aside.

Alph. What Country Craver are you ? What ! nothing but Motion ? A Puppit Pilgrim.

Old Pilg. He's a Stranger, Sir ; these four Days I have travel'd in his Company ; but little of his Business or his Language yet I have understood.

A 5

Seb.

Seb. Both young and handsome; only the Sun has injur'd him.

Alph. Wou'd you have Money, Sir, or Meat, or a Wench! What Kind of Blessing does your Devotion point at? Still more Ducking! Are there any Saints that understand by Sign only? Hah, more Motion yet? This is the prettiest Pilgrim; the Pink of Pilgrims.

Cur. Fye, Sir, Fye; rather bestow your Charity than Jest upon him.

Alph. Say you so? Why then look ye, Pilgrim; here's a poor *Viaticum*, very good Gold, Sir, I'm sorry 'tis not heavier. But since the lightest Grain of earthy Dross wou'd be a Burden to a Heav'nly Mind — I'll put it up again.

Cur. O horrible! you are too Irreverent.

Alph. You are a — Must I give my Money to every Rogue that carries a grave Look in's Face? Must my good Angels wait upon him? I'll find 'em other Business.

Seb. But consider, Sir, the Wrong you do those Men may light on you: Strangers are intitul'd to a softer Usage.

Alph. Oon's, half the Kingdom will be Strangers shortly, if this young Slut's suffer'd to go on with her Prodigalities. But I must be an Afs: Here, Sirrah, fee 'em reliev'd for once; do't effectually too; d'ye hear? Burst 'em, that I may never see 'em more. Were I young again, I'd sooner get Bear-whelps than She-Saints.

Cur. Such a Face as that, sure I have seen.

Seb. I thought so too; but we must be mistaken. (*Exit.*

Port. Come, will ye troop up, Porridge Regiment? Captain *Poor-Quarter*, will ye move?

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Alin. Why are not these poor Wretches serv'd yet?

2d Beg. Bless our good Mistress.

Port. They are to high fed, Madam, their Stomachs are not awake yet.

Alin. Do you make Sport with their Miseries? Sir, learn more Humanity, or I shall find a Way to teach it you.

3d Beg. Kind Heaven preserve her, and for ever bless her.

Alin. Bless the good End that I mean it for. (*Exit Beg.*

Jul. aside.

The PILGRIM.

II

Jul. aside. Wou'd I knew what that were ; if it be for a Man, I'd say *Amen* with all my Heart.

You have a very pretty Band of Pensioners, Madam.

Alin. Vain Glory wou'd seek more and handsomer ; But I appeal to Virtue what my End is. What Men are these ?

Jul. Holy Pilgrims they seem to be. What Pity 'tis that handsome young Fellow shou'd undergo so much Penance : Wou'd I were the Saint he makes his Vow to ; I'd soon grant his Request, let him ask what he wou'd.

Alin. You are Pilgrims, Sirs, Is't not so ?

Old Pilg. We are, fair Saint ; may Heaven's Grace surround you ; may all good Thoughts and Prayers dwell about you ; Abundance be your Friend, and Holy Charity be ever at your Hand to crown you Glorious.

Alin. I thank you, Sir, Peace guide your Travels too ; and, what you wish for most, end all your Troubles. Remember me by this ; (*Giving him Money*) and in your Prayers, when your strong Heart melts, meditate my poor Fortunes.

Old Pilg. All my Devotions wait upon your Service.

Alin. Are you of this Country, Sir ?

Old Pilg. Yes, worthiest Lady, but far off bred : My Fortune's farther from me.

Alin. I am no Inquisitor ; whatever Vow or Penance pulls you on, Sir, Conscience, or Love, or stubborn Disobedience ; the Saint, you kneel to, hear and ease your Travels.

Old Pilg. Yours ne'er begin ; and thus I seal my Prayers.

(*Exit.*)

Alin. aside. How stedfastly this Man looks upon me ! How he sighs ! Some great Affliction sure's the Source of his Devotions.

To Pedro. Right Holy Sir. He turns from us : Alas he weeps too : Something presses him he wou'd reveal, but dares not. Sir, be comforted : If you want, to me you appear so worthy of Relief, I'll be your Steward, Speak and take. He's dumb still ! This Man stirs me strangely !

Jul. Wou'd he wou'd stir me a little ; I like his Shape well.

(*Aside.*)

Alin. It may be he wou'd speak to me alone ; (*Aside.* Retire a little, *Juletta* ; but d'ye hear, don't be far off.

Jul. I shan't Madam : Wou'd I were nearer him : A young, smug, handsome Holiness has no Fellow. (*Aside.* [Exit.

Alin. Why do you grieve ? Do you find your Penance sharp ? Are the Vows you have made too mighty for you ? Or does the World allure you to look back, and make you mourn the softer Hours you have lost ? You are young, and seem as you were form'd for Manly Resolution : Come, be comforted.

Ped. I am, fair Angel : And such a Comfort from your Words I feel, that tho' Calamities, like angry Waves, curl round, contending proudly who shall first devour me, yet I will stem their Danger.

Alin. He speaks nobly. (*Aside.* What do you want, Sir ?

Ped. All that can make me happy : I want myself.

Alin. Yourself ! Who robb'd you, Pilgrim ? Why does he look so earnestly upon me ? I want myself ! (*Aside.* Indeed you Holy Wanderers are said to seek much : But to seek yourselves ———

Ped. I seek myself, and am but my self's Shadow, have lost myself, and now am not so Noble.

Alin. (*Aside.*) I seek myself ! Sure, something I remember bears that Motto ; It is not he ; he's younger, has a smother Face ; yet for that Self Sake, Pilgrim, whoso'er it be, take this.

Ped. Your Hand I dare take ; that be far from me : Your Hand I hold, and thus I kiss it ; and thus I bless it too. *Be constant still : Be good :* And live to be a great Example. (*Exit.*

Alin. One Word more. He's gone : Heav'n, how I tremble ! *Be constant still ;* 'tis the very Posy here ; and here without, *Be good.* He wept too, has he left me. It must be *Pedro.* *Juletta.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this Key, and quickly fetch me the Jewel that

that lies in my little Cabinet. That will determine all,
(Exit Juletta.)

It must be he: His Face was smother when I saw him last; yet there's a Manly Look, a noble Shape, still speak him *Pedro*.

Enter Juletta.

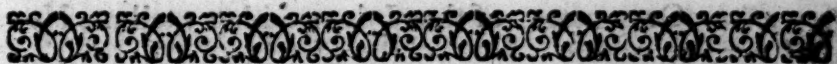
Alin. Let me see it: 'Tis so; 'tis he; it must be he: He spoke the Words just as they stand engraven here. *I seek myself, and am but myself's Shadow. Poor Pedro! But how shall I recover him? Juletta, the Pilgrim, where is he? Which Way did he go?*

Jul. Alas! Madam, I don't know; it's in vain to seek him now.

Alin. I tell thee I must see him; I gave him nothing.

Jul. That was ill done, indeed; for he's the handsomest Fellow I have seen this many a Day. What makes her look so thoughtful? Sure here's something afoot more than ordinary.

Alin. (*Aside.*) 'Tis enough. He has done much for me: I'll try what Recompence 'tis in my Power to make him.
(Exit.)



A C T II.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto, Juletta, Porter and Servants.

Alph. CAN she slip through a Key-hole? Tell me that, resolve me: Can she fly i'th' Air? Is she Invisible? Gone, and no Body knew it!

Seb. Pray be more moderate.

Alph. Some Goatish Rogue has watch'd her Hour of Itching, and has claw'd her, claw'd her; the Dog has claw'd her. 'Oons find her out, or I'll hang ye all; you, Wagtail, you know her Designs, you were of her Council,

Al. (to *Jul.*) her bawdy Adviser ; where is she, Strumpet ?

Jul. You wou'd know of me, Sir ?

Alph. Of you, Sir ! Yes of you, Sir ; why what are you, Sir ?

Jul. Her Servant, Sir, her faithful Servant.

Alph. Servant ! her Bawd ; her Fiddle-stick ; her Lady Fairy, to oil the Doors o'Nights, that they mayn't creek. Where is she, Infamy ?

Jul. 'Tis very well.

Alph. You lye, 'tis ill, damnable ill ; and either confess, or ———

Jul. Indeed I won't.

Seb. Why ?

Jul. Because I can't ; if I cou'd, I'd give another Reason.

Alph. Well said ; but I shall deal with you, you Slut you. What say you, Thick-skull, which Way did she get out ! Why were not my Doors shut ? (to the Porter.

Port. They were an't please you ; nothing open but the Keyhole.

Alph. Where did she lie ? Who lay with her ?

Port. Not I, an't please you ; I lay with *Frederick* in the Flea-Chamber.

Alph. Once more, of thee I demand her ; tell me News of her, or expect ——— the Devil and all. (to *Julet.*

Cur. Come, *Juletta*, if you know any thing, tell him —

Jul. Look ye, Sir, if I knew all, and had been intrusted by her, not all the Devils, you cou'd call upon, shou'd scare one single Hint from me. But, since I know nothing worth your knowing, I'll tell you what I do know. I know she's gone, because we can't find her. I know she's gone cunningly, because you can't find which Way. I know she was weary of your Tyranny, because the Devil wou'd have been so too : And I know, if she's wise, she'll never come again ———

Alph. Out of my Doors.

Jul. That's all my poor Petition. For were your House Gold, and she not in't, I should think it but a Cage to whistle in.

Alph. Whore ; if she be above Ground, I'll have her —

Jul. I'd live in a Coal-pit then, if I were she.

Cur.

The PILGRIM.

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Cur. Indeed, Sir, I fancy she knows nothing of her Flight ; you know her mad Way of Talking.

Alph. Hang her, hang her, she knows too much.

Enter Servant drunk.

Well, Rascal, have you any News of her.

Serv. N—N—Not a Drop, Sir : The Butler gave me the Key of the Cellar, to search the Cellar, Sir ; so I have been searching the Cellar.

Alph. Here's a Dog for you.

Serv. I search'd every Hogshed, Sir, and open'd some Bottles, but could not find a Spoonful of her.

Alph. You Rascal, get you out of my Reach, or I'll be thy Murderer.

Enter another Servant that stammers.

Serv. S, S, S, S, Sir,

Alph. Well, what News ? Be quick.

Serv. My yo, yo, yo, yo, young La-Lady is gone—

Alph. I know she's gone, you Dog ; but where ?

Serv. Out at the P——

Alph. Out with't, you Son of a Whore ——

Serv. The Po, ho, ho, ho, ho, hostern Gate of the Ga-
ha, ha, ha, ha ——

Alph. This Dog will make me mad ; but one stammering Rogue in the Family, and it must fall to his Share to give me an Account of her. The Wind's in the East too : The Dog won't get it out this Hour.

Where was it, Sirrah, were was it ?

Serv. The Ga-arden, Sir, the Ga-arden.

Alph. The Garden, Sir, the Garden ; was it so ?
And how do you know she got out at the Garden, ha ?

Serv. I f——f——faw, an't p, p, p, p, p-lease you,
the P———Print of her Fo, Fo, Fo, Foot

Alph. Right, a Foot, a little Foot, a young Whore's Foot ?

Serv. Ye, Yes, Sir.

Alph. And from thence scrambled over the Wall into the Park, and so to the Devil ?

Serv. So I sup, -p, -pose, Sir.

Alph. 'Tis very well, ye Stars, 'tis very well : This comes of Indulgence, I must needs allow her the Key of the Garden, to walk on Fast-days, and contemplate, with
a Pox :

a Pox: But I'll fetch her again, with a Firebrand at her Tail. My Horses there ———

Seb. } You'll give us Leave to wait upon you?
Cur. }

Alp. That you may, if you please. My Horse there; dispatch. Are you so Hot? I Faith, I'll cool you; Mistress: Must you be jumping *Joan*? If I catch you again, I'll clap such a Clog about your Neck, you shall leap no more Walls, I'll warrant you; I'll hang *Roderigo* there, i' Faith. My Horses, quick; and d'ye here, keep me this young Lirry Poop within Doors, fast; I shall discover Dame ——— (Exit *Alph.* &c.)

Jul. Indeed you won't, Sir.

Afide. Well, Love, if thou be'st with her; or whatever Power else arms her Resolution, conduct her carefully, and keep her from this Madman ——— Direct her to her Wishes; dwell about her; let no dishonourable End o'ertake her, Danger or Want; and let me try my Fortune ———

Enter Roderigo and four Out-Laws.

1st Out. You are not merry, Captain.

Rod. Why, we get nothing, we have no Sport: Whoring and Drinking spoils us; we keep no Guard.

2d Out. I'm sure there's neither Merchant nor Gentleman passes, but we have Tribute.

Rod. Yes, and while we spend that idly, we let those pass that carry the best Booty: I'll have all search'd and brought in. Rogues and Beggars have found the Trick of late to become Bankers. In short, Gentlemen, I'll have none escape but my Friends and Neighbours, who may be useful in laying my Innocence before the King: All others shall pay their Passport.

2d Out. You now speak like a Captain; if we spare any, flea us, and coin our Cassocks.

Rod. You hear of no Preparations the King intends against us?

3d Out. Not a Word: Don't we see his Garrisons?

Rod. Who have we out now?

2d Out. Good Fellows, that, if there be any Purchase stirring, won't slip it; *Jaques* and *Lopez*, Lads that know their Business.

Rod.

Rod. Where's the Boy you brought in e'en now? He's a pretty Lad, and of a quick Capacity—

1st Out. He's within at Meat, Sir; the poor Knave's hungry; yet he seasons all he eats or drinks, with Tears.

2d Out. He's young; 'tis Fear and Want of Company.

Rod. Don't use him roughly, and he'll soon grow bolder. I intend to keep him to wait upon me; I like the Boy; there's something in his Face pleases me strangely: Be sure you all use him gently.

1st Out. Here's a little Box, Sir, we took about him, which almost broke his Heart to part with: I fancy there's something of Value in it; I can't open it.

Rod. Alas! some little Money, I warrant you, the poor Knave carry'd to defray his Charge: I'll give it him again.

Enter Jaques, Lopez, with Pedro.

How now! Who's this? What have you brought me here, Soldiers?

Jaq. Why, truly we don't well know; only he's a damn'd fullen Fellow.

Rod. Where did you take him?

Lop. Upon the Skirt of the Wood, sauntering and peeping about, as if he were looking for the best Access to our Quarters: Money he had enough; and, when we threatened him, he smil'd and yielded, but would not speak one Word.

Rod. Pilgrim, come hither; are you a Pilgrim, Sir? A Piece of pretty Holiness; do you shrink, my Master? A smug young Saint this. What Country were you born in, I pray? What, not a Word? Had your Mother this excellent Virtue too? Sure, she was a Matchless Woman: What a blessed Family this Fellow sprung from! sure he was begot in a Calm. Are your Lips sealed, or do you scorn to answer? Look you, Sir, you are in my Hand; and I shall be too hard for you: Put off this Bonnet, Soldiers. You have a speaking Face, Sir.

Lop. A handsome one, I'm sure; this Pilgrim can't want She-Saints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer: Ha?

Ped. Come, do your worst; I am ready.

Rod.

Rod. Have you found your Tongue then? Retire all, and let me talk with him alone; and keep your Guards strict. (*Ex. all but Rod. and Ped.*) So, now, what art thou?

Ped. What am I? My Habit shews me what I am.

Rod. A desperate Fool; and so thy Fate shall tell thee. What Devil brought thee hither? For I know thee.

Ped. I know thou dost; and since it is my Fortune to light into thy Hands, I must conclude the most malicious of Devils brought me; yet some Men say thou art Noble——

Rod. Not to thee; that were a Benefit to mock the Giver. Thy Father hates my Friends and Family; and thou hast been the Heir of all his Malice: Can two such Storms then meet, and part without Kissing?

Ped. You have the mightier Hand.

Rod. And so I'll use it.

Ped. I cannot hinder you; less can I beg submissive at his Knees that knows no Honour, that bears the Stamp of Man, and not his Nature. You may do what you please.

Rod. I will do all.

Ped. I do expect thou wilt; for had'st thou been a noble Enemy, thou would'st have fought me whilst I carried Arms, whilst my good Sword was my Profession, and then have cry'd out, *Pedro*, I defy thee; then stuck *Alphonso's* Quarrel on thy Point; the mercenary Anger thou serv'st under, to get his Daughter. But now, thou poorly, basely, settest thy Toils to catch me, and like the trembling Peasant, that dares not meet the Lion in the Face, dig'st crafty Pit-falls. Thou Shame to *Spanish* Honour.

Rod. Thy Bravery is to thy Habit due: That holy Dress thou think'st will be thy Sanctuary; thou wilt not find it so.

Ped. I look not for't: The more unhallow'd Wretch howe'er art thou t'invade it.

Rod. When you were bravest, Sir, and your Sword sharpest, I durst affront you, you know I durst; when the Court Sun gilded you, and every Cry was, The young hopeful *Pedro*, *Alonso's* sprightly Son, then I durst meet you, when you were Master of this mighty Fame,
and

and all your Glories in the full Meridian. Had we then come to Competition, which I often fought—

Ped. And I desir'd too.

Rod. You shou'd have seen this Sword and felt it too, sharper than Sorrow felt it. Then like a Gentleman I wou'd have us'd thee, and given thee the fair Fortune of thy Cast: But since thou steal'st upon me like a Spy, and Thief-like think'st that holy Case shall save thee, base as thy Purposes, thy End shall be. Soldiers, appear, and bring a Halter with ye. I'll forgive your holy Habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Lopez, Jaques, and Cut-Laws.

1st Out. Here's a Halter, noble Captain: What Service have you for't?

Rod. That Traytor has Service for't: Truss him up.

1st Out. With all my Heart? D'ye want a Band, Sir? I'll fit it to your Collar immediately.

Lopez. What's his Fault, Captain?

Rod. 'Tis my Will, he perish; that's his Fault.

Ped. A Captain of good Government: Come, Soldiers, come, you are roughly bred, and bloody; shew your Obedience, and the Joy you have, in executing impious Commands. You have a Captain seals you liberal Pardons: Be no more Christians, 'tis not in your Way; put Religion by, 'twill make you Cowards. Feel no Tenderness; nor let a Thing, called Conscience, trouble you; Alas! 'twill breed Delay. Bear no Respect to what I seem; were I a Saint, indeed, why shou'd that stagger ye? You know no Holiness! to be excellent in Evil is your Goodness; and be so, 'twill become you; have no Hearts, for fear you shou'd repent, for Repentance will be dangerous.

Rod. Truss up the Preacher.

Ped. The Racks of Conscience are of dire Importance. Be therefore steady in your Mischiefs; waver not.

Rod. Up with him, I say.

Ped. Why do you not obey your Chief? Come, this one daring Stroke at Heaven will make ye harden'd Soldiers of Iniquity.

Rod. What do the Villains gaze at? Why am I not obey'd?

Jaq.

Jaq. What would you have us do ?

Rod. Dispatch the Babler —

Jaq. And have Religious Blood hang o'er our Heads ?
We have Sins enough already to make our Graves loath us.

Rod. I shall not be obey'd then ?

Lop. Obey'd ? I don't know ; tho' I am a Thief, I'm
no Hangman : They are two Trades ; I don't care to med-
dle with Holy Blood

Rod. Holy, or Unholy, I'll have it done.

1st Out. If I do't I'll be damned.

2d Out. Or I.

3d Out. Or I. We'll do any thing that's reasonable ; but
the Devil wou'd flinch at such a Jobb.

Jaq. I have done as many Villanies as another ; and,
tho' I say't, with as few Qualms : — But I don't like
this, it goes against my Stomach.

Rod. Have ye then conspir'd, ye Slaves ?

Ped. Why art thou so disturb'd at their Refusal ; if 'tis
my Life alone thou want'st, why with thy own curst
Hand dost thou not take it ? Thine's the Revenge ; be
thine the Glory : Engross it to thyself, take the whole
Sin upon thee, and be mighty in Evil, as thou art in
Anger. And let not those poor Wretches howl for thy
sake.

Rod. 'Tis enough ; I'll make ye all repent this Stub-
bornness ; nor will I yet be baffled, I'll find another Means
to have my Will obey'd, Let him not 'scape, I charge
ye, on your Lives. [Exit Rod.]

Jaq. What the Devil have you done, Pilgrim, to make
him rave and rage thus ? Have you kill'd his Father, or
his Mother, or strangled any of his Kindred ?

Lop. Or has he no Sisters ? Han't you been bouncing
about them ?

1st Out. O' my Conscience his Quarrel to thee is not
for being Holier than he.

Lop. Nor for seeming an honefter Man ; for we have
no Trading here with such Stuff. To be excellent Thieves
is all we aim at. Hark thee, Pilgrim : Wilt thou take a
Spit and a Stride, and try if thou can'st out-run us ?

Ped. No, I scorn to shift his Fury.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Ped.

Ped. I cannot die with fewer Faults about me.

1st Out. I fancy he'll shoot him ; for the Devil's in't if he hang him himself.

Lop. No, he's too proud for that ; he'll make some Body do't : See, here he comes again, and as full of Rage as ever.

1st Out. He has got a Boy with him ; sure he won't make him do't.

Lop. As like as not.

Enter Roderigo and Alinda.

Rod. Come, Sirrah, no Wonders. Nay, don't stare, nor hang back ; do't, or I'll hang you, you young Dog.

Alin. Alas, Sir, what wou'd you have me do ? Heaven's Goodness shield me.

Rod. Do ? Why hang a Rogue that wou'd hang me.

Alin. I'm a Boy, and weak, Sir ; pray excuse me.

Rod. Thou art strong enough to tie him to a Bough, and turn him off. Come, be quick.

Alin. For Heaven's Sake, Sir.

Rod. Do you dispute, Sirrah ?

Alin. O, no, Sir, I'll do the best I can. Which is the Man, Sir ?

Rod. That in the Pilgrim's Coat there ; that Devil in the Saint's Skin.

Alin. Guard me, ye Powers.

Rod. Come, dispatch.

Ped. I wait thy worst.

Jaq. to Lop. Will the Boy do it ? Is the Rogue so bold ? So young, so deep in Blood !

Lop. He shakes and trembles.

Ped. Dost thou seek more Coals still to sear thy Conscience ? Work Sacred Innocence to be a Devil ? Do it thyself, for Shame : Thou best become'st it.

Rod. Thou art not worthy on't. No, this Child shall strangle thee, A crying Girl, if she were here, should master thee.

Alin. How shall I save him ? How myself from Violence ? Are you prepar'd to die, Sir ?

Ped. Yes, Boy : Prithce to thy Business.

Jaq.

Jaq. The young Dog begins to look as if he wou'd do't in Earnest.

Alin. If y^e are prepar'd, How can you be so angry, so perplex'd? Heav'n's won by Patience, not by Heat and Passion.

Lop. The Bastard will make a good Priest.

Ped. I thank thee, gentle Child, thou teachest rightly.

Alin. Methinks you seem to fear too.

Ped. Thou see'st more than I feel, Boy.

Alin. You tremble sure.

Ped. No, Boy, 'tis but thy Tenderness; prithee make Haste.

Alin. Are you so willing then to go?

Ped. Most willing. I wou'd not borrow from his Bounty one poor Hour of Life, to gain an Age of Glory.

Alin. And is your Reckoning stated right with Heav'n?

Ped. As right as Truth, Boy; I could not go more joyful to a Wedding.

Alin. Then to your Prayers! I'll dispatch you presently.

Rod. A good Boy; I'll reward thee well.

Alin. I thank you, Sir; but pray allow me a short Word in private.

Now guide my Tongue, ye blessed Saints above. (*Aside.*

Rod. What wou'dst thou have, Child?

Alin. Must this Man die?

Rod. Why dost thou ask that Question?

Alin. Pray be not angry; if he must, I'll do it: But must he now?

Rod. What else: Who dares reprieve him?

Alin. Pray think again; and as the Injuries are great this Man has done you, so suit your Vengeance to 'em.

Rod. I do; 'tis therefore he must die ———

Alin. A Trifle.

Rod. What is a Trifle?

Alin. Death, if he die now.

Rod. Why, my best Boy?

Alin. I love you, Sir, I wou'd not tell you else. Is it Revenge to saint your Enemy? clap the Dove's Wings of downy Peace upon him, and let him soar to Heaven: Is this Revenge?

Rod.

Rod. Yet die he must.

Alin. Right : Let him die, but not prepar'd to die. That were the Blessing of a Father on him ; and all who know and love Revenge wou'd laugh at you. You see, thus fortified, he scorns your Threats, despises all your Tortures ; smiles to behold your Rage ; so blind your View, that while you aim his hated Soul to Hell, you shoot it up to Heaven. Shall he die now ?

Lop. What has the Boy done to him ?

Jaq. How thoughtfully he looks !

Alin. Come, Sir, you are wise, and have the World's Regard ; you are valiant too, and see your Valour honour'd. 'Twill be a Stain to both, indeed it will, to have it said, you have given your Fury Leave to prey on a poor passive wayward Pilgrim.

Rod. The Boy has shaken me : What wou'dst thou have me do ?

Alin. Alas, Sir, do you ask a Child ? But since you do, I'll say the best I know. I'd have you then do bravely, scorn him, and let him go. You have made him tremble, now seal his Pardon ; and when he appears a Subject fit for Anger, fit for you, his pious Armour off, his Hopes no higher than your Sword may reach, then strike the noble Blow.

I hope I have turn'd him.

[*Aside.*

Rod. Here ; let the Fool go. I scorn his Life too much to take it from him. But if we meet again——

Ped. I thank ye, Sir.

Rod. No more : Be gone.

Exit Pedro.

Alin. Why this was greatly done, most noble. But whither is he gone ! O, shall we never meet happy ?

[*Aside.*

Rod. Come, Boy, thou shalt retire with me ; I love thy Company : Thou hast a pleasing Tongue ; come with me, Child.

Alin. I'll wait upon ye, Sir. ——O ! *Pedro.* [*Aside.*

Ex. Rod. Alin.

Lop. The Boy has don't ; he has sav'd the Pilgrim. A cunning young Rogue, I shall love him for't heartily.

Jaq. And so shall I. But the Knave's so good, I'm afraid he'll ruin us, he'll make us all honest.

1st Out.

1st Out. Marry Heav'n forbid.

2d Out. He'll find that a harder Task, than to save the Pilgrim.

Lop. That I believe: But come, Gentlemen, let's to Supper; we'll drink the Boy's Health, and so about our Business.

Exeunt.



A C T III.

Enter Roderigo, Jaquez, Lopez, and three Outlaws.

Rod. **T**IS strange none of you shou'd know her.

Jac. Alas! we never saw her, nor heard of her, but from you.

Lop. I don't think 'twas she; methinks a Woman shou'd not dare——

Rod. Thou speak'st thou know'st not what: What dares not Woman when she is provok'd? Or what seems dangerous to Love and Fury? That it is she, these Jewels here confirm me; for Part of them I myself sent her, which (tho' against her Will) her Father forc'd her to accept and wear.

Lop. 'Tis very strange, a Wench, and we not know it; I us'd to have a better Nose.

Jac. But what could be her Business here?

Rod. That's what distracts me. O that canting Pilgrim, that Villain *Pedro*! There lies my Torture. How cunningly she pleaded for him! How artfully she sav'd him! Death and Torments, had ye been true to me, I ne'er had suffer'd this.

1st Out. Why, you might have hang'd him if you wou'd; and wou'd he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't, so we had not don't——

Rod. But where is she now? What Care have ye had of that? Why have ye let her go, to despise and laugh at me?

Lop.

Lop. The Devil, that brought her hither, has carried her back again, I think ; for none of us saw her go.

Faq. No living Thing came this Night through our Watches. You know she went with you.

Rod. And was by me, 'till I fell asleep : But, when I wak'd and call'd, was gone. Curse on my Dulness, why did I not open this ? This would have told me all.

Enter Alphonso and two Out-Laws.

Alph. Prithee bring me to thy Captain, where's thy Captain, Fellow ? Oh, I am founder'd, I am melted ; some Fairy has led me about all Night ; the Devil has enticed me with the Voice of a Whore. Where's thy Captain, Fellow ?

1st Out. Here, Sir, there he stands.

Alph. O Captain, how dost thou, Captain ? I have been fool'd, bubbled, made an Ass on : My Daughter's run away ; I have been haunted too ; have lost my Horse, am starv'd for want of Meat, and out of my Wits.

Rod. I'm sorry, Sir, to see you engag'd in so many Misfortunes : But pray walk in, refresh yourself, and I'll inform you what has happen'd here ; but I'll recover your Daughter, or lose my Life : In the mean Time, all these shall wait upon you.

Alph. My Daughter be damn'd. Order me Drink enough ; I'm almost choak'd. *(Ex. Alph.)*

Rod. You shall have any Thing. What think you now, Soldiers ?

Faq. I think, a Woman's a Woman ; that's all.

Lop. And I think the next Boy we take, we shou'd search him a little nearer. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Juletta Solo, in Boy's Cloaths.

Jul. This is *Roderigo's* Quarter ; my old Master's gone in here, and I'll be with him soon ; I'll startle him a little better than I have done. All this long Night have I led him out of the Way, to try his Patience. I have made him swear and curse, and pray and curse again : I have made him lose his Horse too, whistled him through thick and thin. Down in a Ditch I had him ; there he lay blaspheming, 'till I call'd him out to guide his Nose pop

B

into

into a Fuz-bush. Ten thousand Tricks I have play'd him, and ten thousand will add to them, before I have done with him. I'll teach him to plague poor Women. But all this while, I can't meet with my dear Mistress. I'm cruelly afraid she shou'd be in Distress; wou'd to kind Heav'n I cou'd come to comfort her: But, 'till I do, I'll haunt thy Ghost, *Alphonso*; I will, old Crab-Tree. He shan't sleep; I'll get a Drum for him, I'll frighten him out of his Wits: I have such a Hurricane in my Head, I have almost lost my own already; and I'm resolv'd I won't be mad alone. When a Woman sets upon playing the Devil, 'twere a Shame she shou'd not do't to the Purpose. (Exit.)

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the Tour we have made, we shou'd have no News at all of her.

Cur. I can't think she's got so far.

Seb. She's certainly disguis'd; her Modesty wou'd never venture in her own Shape.

Cur. Let her take any Shape, I'm sure I cou'd distinguish her.

Seb. So cou'd I, I think. Has not her Father found her?

Cur. Not he, he's so wild he wou'd not know her, if he met her.

Seb. I hope he wou'd not; for 'tis Pity she shou'd fall into his Hands. But where are we, *Curio*?

Cur. In a Wood, I think; hang me if I know else: And yet I have ridden all these Coasts, and at all Hours.

Seb. I wish we had a Guide.

Cur. If I am not much mistaken, *Seberto*, we are not far from *Roderigo's* Quarters. I think it is in this Thicket he and his Out-Laws harbour.

Seb. Then we are where *Alphonso* appointed to meet us.

Cur. I believe we are; wou'd we cou'd meet some living Thing to inform us.

Enter Alinda.

Seb. What's that there?

Cur. A Boy, I think; stay, why may not he direct us? *Alin.*

Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, almost quite spent, yet cannot find him; keep me in my Wits, good Heav'n! I feel 'em wavering. O my Head.

Seb. Hey Boy, dost hear, thou Stripling?

Alin. O my Fears, some of *Roderigo's* wicked Crew. If I am carried back to him, I then indeed am wretched.

Cur. Dost know what Place this is, Child?

Alin. No, indeed Sir, not I. O my Bones!

Seb. What dost thou complain for, Boy? A very pretty Lad this.

Cur. What's the Matter with thee, Child?

Alin. Alas, Sir, I was going to *Segovia*, to see my sick Mother, and here I have been taken, robb'd, and beaten by drunken Thieves. O my Back!

Seb. What Rogues are these to use a poor Boy thus! Look up, Child, be of good Cheer, hold up thy Head.

Alin. O I cannot, it hurts me if I do; they have given me a great Blow on the Neck.

Cur. What Thieves are they, dost know?

Alin. They call the Captain *Roderigo*. O Dear, O Dear.

Cur. Look you there; I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want any Thing?

Alin. Nothing but Ease, Sir.

Cur. There's some Money for thee, however, and get thee to thy Mother.

Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen; pray Heaven blefs ye.

Seb. Come let's along, we can't lose our Way now.

(Exit.

Alin. I'm glad you are gone, Gentlemen; I know you are honest Men, but I dont know whether you are on my Side upon this Occasion: Lord, how I tremble, send me but once into *Pedro's* Arms, dear Fortune, and then come what will—Which Way shall I go, or what shall I do? 'tis almost Night again, and I know not where to get either Meat or Lodging. These wild Woods, and the various Fancies that possess my Brain, will run me mad. Hey ho.

Enter Juletta with a Drum.

Jul. Boy, Boy.

Alin. More set to take me.

Jul. Dost hear Boy? a Word with thee.

Alin. 'Tis a Boy too, and no bigger than I am, I can deal with him.

Jul. Hark ye, young Man; can you beat a Drum?

Alin. A Drum!

Jul. A Drum! Ay, a Drum; didst never see a Drum, Mun? Prithee try if thou canst make it grumble.

Alin. (*Aside.*) *Julitta's* Face and Tongue; is she run mad too? Or is there some Design in this? I'm jealous of every thing.

Jul. I'll give thee a Royal, but to go along with me To-night, and hurry durry this a little.

Alin. I care not for your Royal nor you neither, I have other Business; prithee drum to thyself and dance to't.

Jul. Why how now, you saucy young Dog you! I have a good Mind to lay down my Drum, and take ye a Slap o'er the Face.

Enter Roderigo and two Out-Laws.

Alin. Hark here comes more Company, I shall be taken at last. Heaven sheild me! (*Exit.*)

Jul. *Basso*: Who's there? (*Aside.*)

Lep. Do you need me any farther, Captain?

Rod. No, not a Foot: Give me the Gown; so, the Sword.

Jul. This is the Devil Thief; and, if he take me, Woe be to my Gaskins.

Lep. Certainly, Sir, she'll take her Patches off, and change her Habit.

Rod. Let her do what she will, she can't again deceive me. No, No, *Alinde*, 'tis not the Habit of a Boy can twice delude me.

Jul. A Boy, and Patches on! What a dull Jade have I been! (*Aside.*)

Rod. If she be found i'th' Woods, send me Word presently, and I'll return; she can't be yet got far. If you don't find her, expect me ——— when you see me. No more; farewell. (*Exit.*)

Jul. I'm very glad thou art gone. This Boy in Patches was the Boy I talk'd to; the very same, how hastily it shifted me! what a mop-ey'd Ass was I, I could not know her,

her. It must be she ; 'tis she : Now I remember her, how loath she was to talk ; how shy she was of me. I'll follow her ; but who shall plague her Father there ? No, I must not quit him yet : I must have one Flirt more at him, and then for the Voyage. Come, Drum, make ready. Thou must do me Service.

Enter Jaquez and one Out-Law.

Jaq. Are they all set ?

Out. All, and each Quarter's quiet.

Jaq. Is old *Alphonso* asleep ?

Out. An Hour ago.

Jaq. We must be very careful in our Captain's Absence.

Out. It concerns us, he won't be long from us——

Hark——— *(Drum afar off.*

Jaq. What.

Out. A Drum.

Jaq. The Devil!

Out. 'Tis not the Wind, sure.

Jaq. No, that's still and calm —— Hark again.

Out. Tat, Tat.

Jaq. It comes nearer : We are surpriz'd ; 'tis by the King's Command ; we are all dead Men.

Out. Hark, hark, a Charge now. Our Captain has betray'd us all.

Jaq. This comes of Love. Poverty, a scolding Wife, and ten Daughters be his Recompence. *(Enter Lopez.*

Lop. D'ye hear the Drum ?

Jaq. Yes, we do hear it.

1st Out. Hark, another on that Side. *(Enter two Out.*

1st Out. Fly, fly, fly ; we are all taken, we are all taken.

2d Out. A Thousand Horse and Foot, a Thousand Prisoners, and every Man a Halter by his Side.

Lop. A dismal Night, Companions ! What's to be done ?

Jaq. Every Man shift for himself. *(Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Ay marry, Sir, where's my Horse now ? What a Plague did I do amongst these Rogues ? Is there ne'er a Hole to creep into ? I shall be taken for their Captain, and

out of Respect to my Post, be hang'd up first. A Pox of all Ceremonies, cry I: What will become of me? I must be a Daughter-hunting with a Pox to me: Lord! Lord! that a foolish young Whore shou'd lead a wise old Rogue into so much Mischief. But hark; hark, I say: Ay, here they come. That had I but the Strumpet here now, to find 'em a little Play while I made my Escape—

Enter Seberto, Curio, and Out-Laws.

Seb. What do you fear? What do you run from? Here are no Soldiers, no Body from the King to attack you: Are you all mad?

1st Out. Ay, but the Drum, the Drum, Sir, did not you hear the Drum?

Cur. I never saw such Pidgeon-hearted Rogues; what Drum, you Fools? What Danger? Who's that stands shaking there behind, enough to infect a whole Army with Cowardice. Mercy on me, Sir, is't you? What is't that frights you thus?

Alph. Is there any Hopes; do ye think I cou'd buy my Pardon?

Seb. What is't that has frighted you thus out of your Senses? Here's no Danger near you: A Drum I heard indeed, and saw it, a Boy was beating it; hunting Squirrels by Moon Light.

Cur. Nothing else upon my Word, Sir.

Alph. That Rogue, the very Boy, no doubt on't, that haunted me all last Night. I wish I had him, he has plagu'd my Heart out. But come, let's go in, and let me get on my Cloaths; if I stay here any longer to be martyr'd thus. I'll beget another Daughter. Where is that Jewel? Have you met her yet?

Seb. No; we have no News of her.

Alph. Then I can tell you some; she has been here in Boy's Cloaths, she has truss'd up her Modesty in a Pair of Breeches. There has been a Pilgrim at her Tail too. I suppose the Game's almost up by this Time.

Cur. A young Boy we met, Sir.

Alph. In a grey Hat?

Cur. In a grey Hat.

Alph. Patches on?

Cur.

Cur. Patches on.

Alph. The Strumpet.

Cur. Impossible!

Alph. True——in the literal Sense.

Seb. 'Tis wonderful we shou'd not know her.

Alph. Damn her; that's all. Come get me some Wine, a great deal: This Halter makes me keckle in the Throat still.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Juletta, sola.

Jul. What a Fright have I put 'em in! a brave Hurly Burly: I'Faith, if this do but bolt him, I'll be with him again, with a new Part; I'll ferk him; as he hunts her, I'll hunt him; no Fox, with a Kennel of Hounds at his Tail, ever had such a Time on't,

(*Exit.*)

SCENE Segovia.

Enter Pedro and a Gentleman.

Gent. You need make no Apology, Sir, I take a Pleasure in waiting upon Strangers, and shewing 'em what's worth their seeing in our City. Besides, I observe you are sad, I wou'd divert your Melancholy if I cou'd. Will ye view our Castle?

Ped. I thank ye, Sir, but I've already seen it; 'tis strong and well provided.

Gent. How do you like the Walks?

Ped. They are very pleasant; your Town stands cool and sweet.

Gent. But that I would not add to your Sadness—I cou'd shew you a Place were worth your View.

Ped. Shows seldom alter me, Sir; pray what is't?

Gent. 'Tis a House here, where People of all sorts, that have been visited with Lunacies and Follies, wait their Cures. There's Fancies of a Thousand Stamps and Fashions: Some of Pity, that it wou'd make you melt to see their Passions: And some again, as light that wou'd divert you. But I see your Temper, Sir, too much inclin'd to Contemplation to have a Taste of such Diversions.

Ped. You mistake me, Sir, I shou'd be glad to see 'em ; if you please, I'll wait upon you thither.

Gent. Since you are willing, Sir, I shall be proud to be your Guide.

Ped. I never yet had so much Mind to take a View of Misery.
(*Exeunt.*)

Enter two Keepers.

1st Keeper. Carry mad *Bess* some Meat, she roars like Thunder. And tie the Parson short ; the Moon's i'th' full, he has a Thousand Pigs in's Brain. Who looks to the 'Prentice ? Keep him from Women, he thinks he has lost his Mistress : And talk of no Silk Stuffs ; 'twill run him Horn-mad.

2d Keeper. The Justice keeps such a Stir yonder with his Charges, and such a Coil with his Warrants.

1st Keeper. Take away his Statutes ; the Devil has possess'd him in the Likeness of Penal Laws ; keep him from *Aqua Vita*, for, if that Spirit creep into his *Quorum*, he'll commit us all. How is't with the Scholar ?

2d Keeper. For any thing I see he is in's right Wits.

1st Keeper. Thou art an Ass ; his Head's too full of other People's Wits, to leave Room for his own.

Enter English Madman.

Engl. Give me some Drink.

1st Keeper. O ho ! Here's the *Englishman*.

Engl. Fill me a Thousands Pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em ; down o'your Knees, you Rogues, and pledge me roundly ; one, two, three — and four. To the great Turk, I'm his Friend, and will prefer him ; he shall quit his Crown — and be a Tapster.

1st Keeper. Peace, thou heathenish Drunkard, Peace for Shame. These *English* are so Malt-mad, there's no meddling with them ; when they have a fruitful Year of Barley there, the whole Island's thus.

Engl. Who talks of Barley ? My Drink's small ; down with the Malt-Tax. Huzza.

1st Keeper. Hold your Tongue, you Bear you, or I shall so chastise ye —

Engl. Who's that ? An Exciseman ? The Devil.

Enter

Enter a She-Fool.

Fool. God give you a good Even, Gaffer.

2d Keep. Who has let the Fool loose here?

1st Keep. If any of the Madmen get her, they'll pepper her, they'll bounce her, I'Faith.

Fool. Will ye walk into the Cole-house, Gaffer?

2d Keep. She's as wanton as a She-Ferret.

1st Keep. Who a Vengeance looks to her? Go in, Kate, go in, and I'll give thee a fine Apple.

Fool. Will you buse me and tickle me, and make me laugh?

1st Keep. I'll whip you, Huzzy.

Engl. Fool, Fool, come up to me, Fool.

Fool. Are ye peeping?

Engl. I'll get thee with five Fools.

Fool. O fine, O dainty.

Engl. And thou shalt lie in a Horse-cloath, like a Lady.

Fool. And shall I have a Coach?

Engl. Drawn with four Turkies, and they shall tread thee too.

Fool. We shall have Eggs then; and shall I sit upon 'em?

Engl. Ay, ay, and they shall be all Addle, and make a Tanzey for the Devil. Come, come away; I am taken with thy Love, Fool, and will mightily belabour thee.

1st Keep. How the Slut bridles! How she twitters at him! These *Engl'shmen* would stagger a wife Woman. If we should suffer her to have her Will now, we shou'd have all the Women in *Spain* as mad as she here.

2d Keep. They'd strive who wou'd be most Fool: Away with her.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little, let's hear him sing: He has a fine Breast.

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, Pedro, and a mad Scholar.

1st Keep. Here comes my Master: To the Spit, you Whore; and stir no more abroad, but tend your Business, you shall have no more Sops i'th' Pan else. Away with 'em both. (*Exit Keep. with the Madman and Fool.*)

1st Gent. I'll assure you, Sir, the Cardinal's angry with you for keeping this young Man.

Ma'st. I'm heartily sorry, Sir: If you allow him sound,

pray take him with you.

2d Gent. We can find nothing in him light nor tainted ; no Starts, no Rubs in all his Answers : His Letters too are full of Discretion, Learning, and in a handsome Stile.

Maft. Don't be deceiv'd, Sir ; mark but his Look.

1st Gent. His Grief and Imprisonment may stamp that there.

Maft. Pray talk with him again then.

2d Gent. That will be needless, we have tried him long enough ; and if he had a Taint, we should have met with't.

Ped. A sober Youth : 'Tis Pity so heavy a Misfortune should attend him.

2d Gent. You find no Sickness ?

Scho. None, Sir, I thank Heaven ; nor nothing that disturbs my Understanding.

1st Gent. Do you sleep a Nights ?

Scho. Perfectly sound and sweet.

2d Gent. Have you no fearful Dreams ?

Scho. Sometimes, as all have who go to Bed with raw and windy Stomachs.

1st Gent. Is there no Unkindness you have receiv'd from any Friend, or Parent ? Or Scorn from what you lov'd ?

Scho. No, truly Sir, I have not yet seen Villany enough to make me doubt the Truth of Friend or Kindred — and what Love is, unless it lie in Learning, I am ignorant.

1st Gent. This Man is perfect ; I never met with one that talk'd more regularly.

Maft. You'll find it otherwise.

2d Gent. I must tell you plainly, Sir, I think you keep him here to make him mad ; but here's his Discharge from my Lord Cardinal. Come, Sir, you are now at Liberty to go with us.

Scho. I thank ye, Gentlemen : Master, farewell.

Maft. Farewel, *Stephano*. Alas ! Poor Man.

1st Gent. What Flaws and Gusts of Weather we have had these three Days ? How dark and hot it is ? The Sky is full of Mutiny.

Maft. It has been stubborn Weather.

2d Gent. Strange Work at Sea, I doubt there's old Tumbling.

1st Gent. Bless my old Uncle's Bark, I have a Venture in't.

2d Gent.

2d Gent. And so have I, more than I'd wish to lose; I'm in some Fear,

Scho. Do you fear?

2d Gent. Ha! How he looks?

Mast. Nay, mark him better, Gentlemen.

2d Gent. Mercy on me, how he stares?

Mast. Now tell me how ye like him? What think ye of him for a sober Man now?

Scho. Does the Sea stagger ye?

Mast. Now you have hit the Nick.

Scho. Do ye fear the Billows?

1st Gent. What ails him, who has stirr'd him?

Scho. Be not shaken: Let the Storm rise; let it blow on, blow on: Let the Clouds wrestle, and let the Vapours of the Earth turn mutinous. The Sea in hideous Mountains rise, and tumble upon a Dolphin's Back; I'll make all shake, for I am Neptune.

Mast. Now, what think you of him?

2d Gent. Alas! poor Man.

Scho. Your Bark shall plough through all, and not a Surge so saucy to disturb her: I'll see her safe; my Pow'r shall fail before her—

Down ye angry Waters all,
Ye loud whistling Whirlwinds fall.
Down ye proud Waves; ye Storms cease,
I command ye be at Peace;
Fright not with your churlish Notes,
Nor bruise the Keel of Bark that floats.
No devouring Fish come nigh,
Nor Monster, in my Empery,
Once shew his Head, or Terror bring,
But let the weary Sailor sing,
Amphitrite, with white Arms
Strike my Lute; I'll sing Charms.

(Sings.

Mast. Now he must have Musick, his Fit will grow worse else.

(Musick.

2d Gent. I pity him.

Mast. Now he'll go in quietly of himself, and clean forget all.

1st Gent. We are sorry, Sir; and we have seen a Wonder. Pray excuse our Unbelief.

(Exeunt Gent.

Ped.

Ped. This was a strange Fit.

Maft. Many have sworn him right, and I have thought so ; yet on a sudden, from some Word or other, when no Man could expect a Fit, thus he has flown out.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Must I come in too ?

Maft. No, my pretty Lad, keep in thy Chamber, thou shalt have thy Supper.

Ped. Pray what is that, Sir.

Maft. A strange Boy that was found last Night wandering about the Town a little distracted, so was sent hither.

Ped. How the pretty Knave looks ! and plays and peeps upon me ! Sure such Eyes I have seen.

Maft. Pray take Care, Sir ; if you seem to take Notice of him, you'll make him worse.

Ped. I'll warrant you, I'll not hurt him : How he smiles ! Let me look once again ; but that the Cloaths are different ——— Sure 'tis not she ——— How tenderly it presses me ?

Maft. I must attend elsewhere ; pray take Heed.

(Exit Master.)

Ped. Fear not : How my Heart beats and trembles ! He holds me hard : Thou hast a Mind to speak to me : He weeps ! What would'st thou say, my Child ? Dost know me ?

Alin. O Pedro, Pedro !

Ped. O my Soul !

Alin. Let me hold thee, and now come all the World, I fear not.

Ped. Be wise, my Angel, you'll discover yourself ; oh, how I love thee. How dost thou ? Tell me.

Alin. I have been miserable : But your Eyes have blest'd me. Pray think it not Immodesty I kiss ye. Oh, my Head's wild still.

Ped. Be not so full of Passion, nor hang so eagerly upon me ; 'twill be observ'd.

Alin. Are ye then weary of me ? But you shan't leave me : No, I'll hang here for ever ! Kiss you eternally ! O my dear Pilgrim !

Enter,

Enter Master.

Maft. Look ye there now ; I knew what you'd do. The Boy's in's Fit again : Are ye not aſham'd to torment him thus ? I told you, you'd bring it upon him. Either be gone, and preſently, I'll force ye elſe : Who waits within ?

Enter two Keepers.

Ped. Alas ! good Sir, this is the Way never to recover him.

Maft. Stay but one Minute more, I'll complain to the Governor. Pull away the Boy ; look ye there, d'ye ſee how he pulls, and tears himſelf. Be gone, you had beſt, for, if the Boy miſcarry, I'll make you rue it.

Ped. O Miſery ?

Alin. Farewel, for ever.

Exeunt different Ways.



ACT IV.

Enter Alphonſo and a Gentleman.

Juletta follows 'em unſeen.

Gen. **Y**OU are now within a Mile o'th' Town, Sir ; if my Buſineſs would give me Leave, I'd guide ye farther. But for ſuch Gentlemen as you enquire for, I have ſeen none. The Boy you deſcribe, or one much like it, was ſent in t'other Night a little maddiſh, and now is in the Houſe appointed for ſuch Cures.

Alph. 'Tis very well, I thank ye, Sir.

Jul. (aſide.) And ſo do I : For, if there be ſuch a Place, I aſk no more : You ſhall hear of me, i' Faith, old Gentleman ; I'll follow you there too, as ſounder'd as I am ;

am ; and make ye kick and roar before I have done with you. I'll teach you to haunt Mad-houses.

Alphonso (aside.) It must be she. 'Tis very well : Is your Blood so hot, i'Faith, my Minx ? I'll have ye maddened, I'll have ye worm'd.

Enter Alinda, as a Fool.

Gent. Here's one belongs to the very House, Sir ; 'tis a poor Ideot, but she'll shew you the Way as well as a wiser Body. So, Sir, I leave you. *(Exit Gent.)*

Alph. Your Servant. ——— Here, Fool, a Word with thee, Fool.

Alin. O I am lost : 'Tis my Father in all his Rage.

Alph. Hark thee, Fool.

Alin. He does not know me ; Heaven grant I may deceive him still ! ——— Will ye give me Two-pence, Gaffer, and here's a Crow-Flower, and a Daizy, I have some Pye in my Pocket too.

Alph. This is an errant Fool, a meer Changeling.

Alin. Think so, and I am happy.

(Aside.)

Alph. Dost thou dwell in *Segovia*, Fool ?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven ; and I have a fine little House made of Marmalade ; and I am a lone Woman, and I spin for St. *Peter*. I have a hundred little Children, and they sing Psalms with me.

Alph. A very pretty Conversation I am falling into here, especially for a Man in a Passion. Can'st thou tell me if this be the Way to the Town ?

Alin. Yes, yes, you must go over the Top of that high Steeple, Gaffer.

Alph. A Plague of your Fool's Face.

Jul. (Aside.) No ; take her Counsel, do.

Alin. And then you shall come to a River, Gaffer, twenty Miles over, and twenty Miles and ten ; and then you must pray, Gaffer, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray.

Alph. Pray Heav'n deliver me from such an Ass as thou art.

Alin.

Alin. Amen, sweet Gaffer; and sing a Sop of Sugar-Cake into it, and then you must leap in naked.

Jul. (*aside.*) Wou'd he wou'd believe her.

Alin. And sink seven Days together. Can ye sink, Gaffer?

Alph. Pox on thee, and a Pox o'that Fool that left me to thee. (*Exit Alph.*)

Alin. God be w'ye, Nuncle.

Jul. How I rejoice in any Thing that vexes him! I shall love this Fool as long as I live, for putting her Hand to the Plough. Cou'd I but see my Mistress now, to tell her how I have labour'd for her; how I have worn myself away in her Service; ——— Well, sure I shall find her at last.

Alin. (*aside.*) 'Tis *Juletta*. ——— Sure she's honest; yet I dare not discover myself to her.

Jul. Here, Fool, here's something for thee to buy Apples, for the Sport thou hast made in crossing thy Nunkle.

Alin. Thank ye, little Gentleman; Heaven bless ye. Pray keep this Nutmeg; 'twas sent me from the Lady of the Mountain, a Golden Lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles!

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your Understanding; and so good Night; the Moon's up.

Jul. Pretty Innocence!

Alin. (*aside.*) Now, Fortune, if thou dar'st do good, protect me. (*Exit Alin.*)

Jul. I'll follow him to Town; he shan't escape me. — Let me see ——— I must counterfeit a Letter, a Letter of Authority for him ——— Yes, 'twill do; certainly do. How I shall make his old Blood boil! Rare Sport, i'Faith! But what i'th' Name of Innocence has this Fool given me! She said 'twas good to rub my Understanding; is't Bread, or Cheese? ——— Hah! a Ring! a right one! a Ring I know too! ——— The very same ——— A Ring my Mistress took from me, and wore it: I know it by the Posy. None could deliver this but herself. 'Twas she. Curse o' my Sand-blind Eyes. Twice deceiv'd! Twice so near the Blessing I am seeking! What shall I do? Here are so many cross Ways, 'tis in vain to follow her. I hope,

I hope, however, for all her Drefs, ſhe's in her Senſes ſtill, for ſure ſhe knew me.—Well, to divert my Melancholy, 'till I can meet with her again, I'll go, and have t'other Touch with her Father. *(Exit Juliet.)*

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. She's not to be recover'd ; and, which doubles my Torment, he's got beyond my Vengeance. How they laugh at me ! Death and Furies ! But why ſhou'd I ſtill wander thus, and be a Coxcomb, tire out my Peace and Pleaſure for a Girl ? A girl that ſcorns me too ! A Thing that hates me ; and, conſider at the beſt, is but a ſhort Breakfast for a hot Appetite : — Well thought. That ſhort Repaſt I'll make on her, and ſo I'll reſt. — Look to't, my young Deceiver ; we ſhall meet, which when we do, not all the Tears and Cries of trembling Chſtity ſhall ſave you. You have fir'd my Dwelling, and ſhall quench my Flame.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that *Pedro* ? 'Tis he ; 'tis he. — Oh my——

Rod. What art thou ?

Alin. Hah ! — Oh ! I'm miſerable.

(Afide.)

Rod. What the Devil art thou ?

Alin. (afide.) No End of my Miſfortunes ? Heav'n's ! that Habit to betray me ! Ye holy Saints, can ye ſee that ? Do yourſelves Juſtice, and protect me.

Rod. It dances ! Hey-day ! the Devil in a Fool's Coat ! Is he turn'd Changeling ? What Mops and Mows it makes ! How it friſks ! Is't not a Fairy ? It has a mortal Face, and I've a great Mind to't. But if it ſhou'd prove the Devil ! —

Alin. Come hither, Dear.

Rod. I think 'twill raviſh me. It's a handsome Thing, but baſely Sun-burnt. What's that it points at ?

Alin. Doſt thou ſee that Star there ? That juſt above the Sun ? Prithee go thither, and light me this Tobacco, and ſtop it with the Horns of the Moon.

Rod.

Rod. The Thing's mad, quite mad. Go sleep, Fool, go sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so quietly ; for I can say my Prayers, and then slumber.

I am not proud, nor full of Wine ;
This little Flow'r will make me fine :
Cruel in Heart, for I will cry
If I see a Sparrow die.
I am not watchful to do Ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still ;
Nor pitiless to those that weep,
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Do, do, do ; and see if they can.

Rod. It said true. Its Words sink into me. Sure 'tis a kind of Sybil ; some mad Prophet. I feel my Fury bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your Hand, and I'll tell you your Fortune.

Rod. Here, prithee do.

Alin. Fye ! fye ! fye ! fye ! fye ! Wash your Hands and pare your Nails, and look finely, you shall never kiss the King's Daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But foul 'em faster.

Rod. (*aside.*) This goes nearer me.

Alin. You shall have two Wives.

Rod. Two Wives !

Alin. Yes ; two fine Gentlewomen. Make much of 'em, for they'll stick close to you, Sir. And these two in two Days, Sir.

Rod. That's a fine Riddle !

Alin. To-day you shall wed Sorrow, and Repentance will come To-morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspir'd.

Alin. I'll tell you more, Sir.

(*Sings.*

He call'd down his Merry-men all,
By One, by Two, by Three.
William wou'd fain have been the First,
But now the Last is he.

Rod.

Rod. The very Chronicle of my Misfortunes !

Alin. I'll bid you good Ev'n ; for my Boat stays for me, and I must sup with the Moon To-night in the Mediterranean. *(Exit Alin.)*

Rod. Can Fools and Mad-Folks then be Tutors to me ? Can they feel my Sores, yet I insensible ? Sure this was sent by Providence to steer me right. I'm wondrous weary ; my Thoughts too, they are tir'd, which adds a weighty Burden to me. I have done Ill ; I have persu'd it too ; nay, still run on. I must think better ; be something else, or nothing. Still I grow heavier. A little Rest wou'd help me ; I'll try if I can take it ; and Heaven's Goodness guard me. *(Lies down.)*

Enter Four Peasants.

1st Pea. We have 'scaped To-day well. If the Out-Laws had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't, Neighbours.

2d Pea. A Murrain take 'em, they have robb'd me thrice.

3d Pea. Me five Times, my Daughter fifty ; tho', to give them their Due, they ne'er take any thing from her, but what she can very well spare.

4th Pea. Ah ! my poor Wife has been in their Hands too : But, to say the Truth, I dont find she has lost much neither.

1st Pea. For my Part, I ought not to complain, for I have got three Children by 'em. Poor Joan ! They have pepper'd her Jacket.

2d Pea. Wou'd we had some of 'em here, to thank 'em, for their Kindnesses.

3d Pea. So we were strong enough to circumcise 'em I don't care if we had.

4th Pea. What's that lies there ?

1st Pea. An old Woman that keeps Sheep hereabouts.

2d Pea. Drunk, I suppose,

3d Pea. And a Sword by her Side to keep the Wolves off ? — Hah ! Captain *Roderigo*, or the Devil. — Stand to your Arms, Gentlemen.

4th Pea. 'Tis he.

1st Pea.

1st Pea. Speak softly.

2^d Pea. Now's our Time.

3^d Pea. Stay, stay, let's be provident. Shall we wake him before we kill him, or after?

4th Pea. Let me kill my share of him before he wakes.

1st Pea. Let me have the first Blow; he robb'd me last.

4th Pea. No, I ought to have the first; he cuckolded me last.

3^d Pea. Hold, hold; no Civil Wars, d'ye hear? Beat his Brains out between ye, ——— And then I'll pick his Pockets. (*Aside.*)

1st Pea. Draw your Knives, and every Man seize a Limb.

Omn. Huzzah!

Rod. Slaves! Villains! Will ye murder me?

4th Pea. No, No; we'll only tickle you a little. D'ye remember Joan, Captain? I'll spoil ye for a Cuckold-maker.

Enter Pedro.

Rod. For Heaven's Sake! as ye are Men; as y'are Christians.

4th Pea. Neither Man nor Christian, upon this Occasion; but a Cuckold with my Knife in my Hand.

Rod. O Help! Some Help there!

Ped. Ye Villains! Are ye at Murder? Off, ye inhuman Slaves! ——— Do ye not stir? Nay, then have among ye.

Omn. Away, away, away. (*Exeunt.*)

Ped. Villains! Use Violence to that Habit!

Rod. Pedro! ——— Nay, then I am more wretched than ever. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Hah! Rodrigo! ——— What makes him here thus clad? Is it Repentance, or a Disguise for Mischief? (*Aside.*)

Rod. To owe my Life to him makes me all Confusion. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Ye are not much hurt, Sir?

Rod. No. ——— All, I can call a Wound, is in my Conscience. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Have ye consider'd the Nature of these Men, and how they have us'd you? Was it well?

Rod. (*aside.*) I dare not speak, for I have nought to answer.

Ped.

Ped. Did it look noble to be o'erlaid with Odds? Did it seem manly in a Multitude to oppose you? If it be base in Wretches low like these, what must it be in one that's born like you? Ah *Roderigo*! Had I abandon'd Honesty, Religion, broke thro' the Bonds of Honour and Humanity, I had set as small a Price upon thy Life, as thou didst lately upon mine: But I reserve thee to a nobler Vengeance.

Rod. I thank ye; you have the nobler Soul, I must confess it; and of your Passions are a greater Master. Th' Example's glorious, and I wish to follow it. There is a Stain of Infamy about me, and the Dye is deep; yet possibly Occasion may present, that I may wash it off.

Ped. I'll give you one, a noble one, I think. We have a Quarrel, we've a Mistress too. We are single, and our Arms alike. In one fair Risque of Life let all determine, our Rancour past, and Happiness to come.

Rod. (*aside.*) His Virtue puzzles me. — I dare fight, *Pedro*.

Ped. I do believe you dare: Or, if you wanted Courage, the beauteous Prize, for which we now contend, wou'd rouze you to't.

Rod. Hah!

Ped. If you deserve her, draw.

Rod. I do not, nor such a noble Enemy: I therefore will not draw.

Ped. I cou'd compel you to't, but wou'd not willingly.

Rod. You cannot, to increase my Guilt: The Load's already more than I can bear; I wo't add to't.

Ped. Poor Evasion.

Rod. Thou wrong'st me; much thou wrong'st me, Time will convince thee on't. I'll satisfy thee any Way but this. I have been wicked, but cannot be a Monster. My Sword refuses to attempt the Man preserv'd me; its Temper starts at thy Virtue. If thou wilt have me fight, give me an Enemy, for thou art none.

Ped. I'm more; for I'm thy Rival.

Rod. That is not in thy Power; for I no more am thine. No, *Pedro*; the Wrongs I've done myself and thee, let that fair Saint atone for: There's nothing more I or the

the World can give; and nothing less can expiate my Crimes, or recompence thy Virtue.

Ped. Is't possible thou can'st be such a Penitent!

Rod. I am most truly such; and lest I should relapse again to Hell, forget the Debt I owe to thee and Heav'n, this sacred Habit, I have so prophan'd, shall henceforth be my faithful Monitor.

Ped. Noble *Roderigo*, how glorious is this Change! Let me embrace thee.

Rod. Thou great Example of Humanity, dost thou forgive me?

Ped. I do; with Joy I do.

Rod. Then I am happy. — All I have more to ask, is, Leave to attend you in your present Difficulties; that, by such Service as I have Power to render, I may confirm you, I am what I seem.

Ped. There needs no further Proof: However, in Hopes I doubtly may return those Services, I'll not refuse 'em.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Alphonso, Master and Keepers.

Mastr. Yes, Sir, here are such People: But how pleasing they may be to you, I can't tell.

Alph. That's not your Concern; I desire to see 'em, to see 'em all.

Mastr. All? Why, they'll quite confound ye, Sir; like Bells rung backwards, they are nothing but Confusion, meer Noise.

Alph. May be I love Noise? — But hark ye, Sir; have ye no Boys, hand some young Boys?

Mastr. One, Sir, we have; a very handsome Boy.

Alph. Long here?

Mastr. But two Days: A little craz'd, but may recover.

Alph. That Boy, I would see that Boy; perhaps I know him. — (aside.) This is the Boy he told me of; it must be she — The Boy, Master, I beseech ye the Boy.

Mastr. You shall see him, Sir, or any else: But pray don't be so violent.

Alph.

Alph. I know what to do, I warrant ye; I'm for all Fancies; I can talk to 'em, and dispute if Occasion be— Who lies here?

Keep. Pray don't disturb 'em, Sir; here lie such Youths will make you start, if they begin to dance their French-mores.

Maft. Fetch out the Boy, Sirrah. (*Shaking of Irons within.*) — Hark!

Alph. Hey-boys!

Enter English Madman, Scholar, and Priest.

Engl. Bounce: Clap her o'th' Starboard. Bounce: Top the Can.

Schol. Dead, ye Dog, dead! D'ye quarrel in my Kingdom? Give me my Trident.

Engl. Bounce: — 'Twixt Wind and Water: Laden with Mackerel! — Oh brave Meat!

Scho. My Sea-Horses. I'll change the Northern Wind, and break his Bladder.

Alph. Brave Sport, i'Faith!

Priest. I'll sell my Bells, before I'll be out-brav'd thus.

Alph. What's he.

Maft. A Priest, Sir, that run Mad for a Tithe-pig.

Alph. Curran-sauce cure him.

Priest. I'll curse ye all, I'll excommunicate ye. Thou English Heretick, give me the tenth Pot.

Engl. Sue me, I'll drink up all. Bounce I say once more— O ho! have I split your Mizen? Blow, blow, thou West-wind; blow till thou rise, and make the Sea run roaring; — I'll hiss it down again, with a Bottle of Ale.

Scho. Triton! why Triton!

Engl. Triton's drunk with Metheglin.

Scho. Strike, strike the Surges, strike.

Priest. I'll have my Pig.

Eng. Drink, drink; 'tis Day-light—Drink, diddle, diddle, diddle, Drink.

Priest. I'll damn thee.

Eng. Priest, proud Priest, a Pig's Tail in thy Teeth.

Priest. My Pig — or I'll marry thee.

Eng.

Eng. Say no more. My Drink's out, Hush is the Word
— and to Sleep.

Maſt. Their Fits are cool now; let 'em reſt.

Alph. Mad Gallants, mad Gallants, i' Faith; I love their
Faces; I never fell into better Company in my Life.

Enter mad Taylor.

Tay. Who's that? — The King of *Spades*? I'll make
him a new Mantle?

Alph. Hey Day: A mad Taylor too! What the Pox
made thee mad?

Tay. Cabbage — Snip goes the Sheers — and the
Coat's never the ſhorter.

Alph. Thou'rt a brave Fellow, and ſha't make me a
new Doublet.

Tay. For thy Coronation — I'll do't; but Money
down; doſt hear? Money down. The King of *Spades* is
a Courtier.

Prieſt. I'll have a new Gown.

Tay. So thou ſha't, made of Shreds — and a Tithe-
Louſe — to prevent Damnation —

Alph. Wo't be my Chaplain?

Prieſt. And ſay Grace to boil'd Meat? — the Devil:

Alph. Can'ſt thou preach?

Prieſt. Give me a Text.

Tay. Pudding.

Prieſt. Where is't? — I'll handle it — Divide
it — Subdivide it — and give my Pariſh —
ne'er a Bit on't.

Tay. My Lady's Woman ſhall have a Slice.

Prieſt. Mum.

Tay. I'll cut thee a Pair of Breeches, out of the Tail of
her Petticoat.

Prieſt. Warm Ware — Dog-Days — but Hush: Put
out the Candle — Maiden-head's the Word. If the
Cardinal hears on't — he'll have a Pair too.

Enter

Enter Keepers, and she Fool in Alinda's Cloaths.

1st Keeper. You stinking Whore, who did this for you? Who looks to the Boy? Pox take him, he was asleep when I left him.

2d Keep. I suppose he made the Fool drunk.

Maft. What's this Noise about? Where's the Boy?

1st Keep. Here's all the Boys we have found.

Maft. These are his Cloaths; but where's he?

1st Keep. Ay, that's all I want to know.

Maft. Where's the Boy, ye Slut you? Where's the Boy?

Fool. The Boy's gone a Maying; he'll bring me home a Cuckoo's Nest. Do you hear, Master? I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him; I pinned a Plume in his Forehead, and a Feather, and buff'd him twice, and bid him go seek his Fortune. He gave me this fine Money, and he gave me Wine too, and bid me sop; and gave me these trim Cloaths too, and put 'em on, he did.

Alph. Is this the Boy you'd shew me?

Fool. I'll give you Two-pence, Master.

Alph. Am I fool'd on all Sides? I met a Fool in the Woods in a long py'd Coat; they said she dwelt here.

Maft. That was the very Boy, Sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him Leave to play forsooth; he'll come again To-morrow, and bring Peascods.

Maft. I'll Peascod your Bones, you Whore.

Alph. Pox o'your Fools and Bedlams; Plague o'your Owls and Apes.

Maft. Pray, Sir, be moderate; such Accidents will happen sometimes, take what Care we can.

Alph. Damn Accidents: You're a Juggler, and I'm abus'd.

Maft. Indeed, Sir, you are not.

Alph. It's false; I am abus'd, and I will be abus'd, whether you will or no, Sir.

Enter Welchman.

Wel. Whaw, Mr. Keeper,

Alph. What a Pox have we got here?

Wel.

Wel. Give me some Cheese and Onions; give me some Wash-prew; I have Hungry in my Pellies; give me apundance. *Pendragon* was a Shentleman, mark you, Sir? And the Organs at *Wrexham* were made by Revelations; there is a Spirit plows and plows the Pellowes, and then they sing.

Alph. Why this Moon-calf's madder than all the rest. Who the Devil is he?

Mast. He's a *Welchman*, Sir: He ran mad, because a Rat eat up his Cheese.

Alph. The Devil he did!

Wel. I will peat thy Face as plack as a plue Clout.

Mast. He won't hurt you, Sir, don't be afraid.

Wel. Give me a great deal of Cuns; Thou art the Devils, I know thee by thy Tails: I will peg thy Pums full of Pullets.

Alph. This is the rarest Rascal! He speaks as if he had Battermilk in's Mouth.

Wel. *Basilus Manus* is Latin for an old Codpiece, mark ye. I will porrow thy Ursp's Whore to seal a Letter.

Alph. Ha, ha, ha.

Mast. Now he begins to grow villainous.

Alph. Methinks he's best now.

Mast. Take him away.

Alph. He shan't go.

Mast. He must, Sir.

Wel. I will sing and dance, and do any thing.

Alph. Wilt thou declaim in *Greek*?

Scho. Do, and I'll confound thee.

Wel. I will eat some Puddings.

Engl. Pudding! Where is't? Bak'd or boil'd, Plums or Plain, 'tis mine by *Magna Charta* ——— The King of *Spain* eats White-Pot.

Alph. Oh brave *Englissman*! Wilt have any Beef, Boy?

Mast. Nay now, Sir, y've made him stark mad. Lay hold of him there quickly.

Engl. Beef! Ye Gods! Beef! ——— I'll have that Ox for Supper ——— Knock him down ——— Chines, Sirloins, Ribs, and Buttocks. ——— Lead me to the *French* Camp ——— They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly, they fly! Huzzah!

Maft. Away with him ; he'll be fo mad now, the Devil can't tame him. Take 'em all away.

(Exeunt Keeper and Madmen.)

Alph. He fhalln't go. What a Pox makes ye spoil Company ?

Maft. Away with him, I fay.

Alph. I'gad I'll fee him in's Lodging then ; I have a Mind to fup with him. If he's fuch rare Company now he's fober, what will he be over a Bottle.

Maft. What the Devil wou'd this old Spark be at ? I think he's as mad as any of 'em.

Enter Julietta.

Jul. (afide.) He's in, and now have at him ———
Are you the Mafter, Sir ?

Maft. Yes. What do you want ?

Jul. I have a Bufinefs from the Duke of Medina. Is there not an old Gentleman come lately here ?

Maft. Yes ; and a mad one too ; but he's no Prifoner.

Jul. There's a Letter ; pray read it. ——— *(afide.)* I fhall be with you now, i'Faith, my old Mafter ; I'll rouse your Blood now to the Purpose : I'll teach ye to plague Women, ye old Put you.

Maft. This Letter fays the Gentleman is Lunatick : I half fufpected it.

Jul. 'Tis but too true, Sir : And fuch Pranks he has plaid ———

Maft. He's fome Man of Note, I fuppofe, the Duke commands me with fuch Care to look to him. He's in Haffe too, I find, for his Recovery ; for he bids me spare no Correction.

Jul. He directed me to fay the fame Thing to you. Pray, Sir, have no Regard to his Age or Quality : But, fince 'tis for his Good, ftrap him foundly.

Maft. He fhall have the fharpeft Difcipline, I promife you. ——— Pray how did you get him hither ?

Jul. By a Train laid for him ; he's in Love with a Boy you muft know ; there lies his Crack.

Maft. He came hither to feek one.

Jul.

Jul. Yes, I sent him. We should never have got him here by Force.

Mast. Here was a Boy last Night.

Jul. He did not see him, did he?

Mast. No; he was flipt away first.

Jul. So much the better. Pray, Sir, look well to your Charge: I must see him lodg'd before I go; the Duke order'd me. I fancy you'll find him very rough.

Mast. Oh, that's nothing. We are us'd to that; we can be as rough as he. I'll warrant him.

Jul. See, here he comes. — (*Aside.*) O how it tickles me!

Enter Alphonso and 2d Keeper.

Alph. What dost talk to me of Noises? I'll have more Noise: I love Noise: I'll have 'em all loose together. Your Master has let my Boy loose, and I'll do as much by his.

2d Keep. Will you go out, and not make Disturbances here?

Alph. I won't go out, you Rascal; I'll have 'em all out with me. There's no Body mad here, but thee and thy Master. — (*Irons shake.*) Hey brave Boys! Mad Boys! Mad Boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Mast. 'Tis too apparent. — D'ye hear, Sir? Pray will ye make less Stir, and see your Chamber?

Alph. Ha!

2d Keep. Nay, I thought he was mad. I'gad our Master has found him out. I'll have one long Lash at your Back, i'Faith, old Spark.

Mast. Come, Sir, will you retire quietly to your Chamber?

Alph. My Chamber! What dost thou mean by my Chamber? Where's the Boy, you Blockhead you?

Mast. Look ye, Sir, we are People of few Words here; either go quietly to your Chamber, or we shall carry you there with a Witness.

Alph. A strange Fellow this! ——— And what Chamber is't thou woud'st have me go quietly to?

Mast. A Chamber the Duke has order'd to be prepar'd for you within; you shall be well lodg'd, don't fear.

Alph. The Duke! What, what, what hast thou got in thy Head? What Duke, Monkey, ha?

Mast. Hark ye, Sir, let me advise you, don't expose yourself; you are an old Gentleman, and shou'd be wise; you are a little mad, which you don't perceive; your Friends have found it out, and have deliver'd you over to me. (*Alph. spits in his Face.*) ——— Say you so, old Boy? ——— A hey! Seize him here, and fifty Slaps o'th' Back presently.

Ful. (aside.) I'm afraid they'll make him mad indeed. ——— Rare Sport!

Alph. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold. ——— Hark ye, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, one Word, but one Word: Pray do me the Favour to shew me my Chamber.

Mast. O ho! I'm glad to see you begin to come to yourself, Sir, I don't doubt, by the Blessing of Heaven, and proper Methods, to bring you to your Senses again.

Alph. Yes, Sir, I hope all will be well. Really I find myself at this Time, as I think, very sensible ——— of some Strokes o'the Back. (*Aside.*)

Mast. I can see your Madness very much abated.

Alph. Yes, truly, I hope it is; tho' I can't say but ——— I am still ——— a ——— little discompos'd.

Mast. There must be some Time to restore a Man. Rome was not built in a Day. But since the Duke has so much Kindness for you, to be in Haste for your Cure, when your next Fit comes, we'll double the Dose. ——— Here, lead the Gentleman to his Chamber: But he must have no Supper To-night; take Care of that.

Alph. Pray, Sir, may I sleep?

Mast. A little you may. In the Morning we'll take 30 or 40 Ounces of Blood away; which, with a Water-gruel Diet, for a Week or ten Days, may moderate Things mightily. ——— Go, carry him in, I'll follow presently.

Alph. What a wretched Dog am I!

(*Ex. Keepers and Alphonso.*)

Mast.

Maft. You fee, Sir, the Duke's Orders are obey'd.

Jul. I'll not fail to acquaint him with it. Pray let the old Gentleman want nothing but his Wits.

Maft. He fhall be taken perfect Care of. — My humble Duty to his Grace. *(Exit Maft.)*

Jul. So, now I think I have fix'd thee. This has fucceeded rarely ! ——— I cou'd burft with laughing now, lie down and roll about the Room, I'm fo tickl'd with it. But I have other Bufinefs to do ; now's my Time to ferve my Miftrefs. Good Stars ! guide me where ſhe is, and I have nothing more to aſk you, but a Husband. *(Exit.)*



ACT V.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. **O** My Conſcience, we have quite loſt him : He's not gone Home, we have heard from thence this Morning.

Cur. Faith, let's e'en turn back ; this is but a Wild-goofe Chafe.

Seb. No, hang't, let's ſee the End of theſe Adventures now we are out : They muſt end ſoon one Way or other.

Cur. Which Way ſhall we go ? We have ſcower'd the Champion-Country, and all the Villages, already.

Seb. We'll beat theſe Woods ; and, if nothing ſtart, we'll go to *Segovia*.

Cur. I'm afraid he's ſick, or fallen into ſome Danger. He has no Guide nor Servant with him.

Seb. Hang him, he's tough and hardy, he'll bear a great deal.

Cur. Shall we part, and go ſeveral Ways ?

Seb. No, that will be melancholy ; let's e'en keep on together. Come, we'll croſs here firſt ; and, as we find the Paths, let them direct us. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Jul. Indeed, Madam, 'tis very cruel in you to shew this strange Mistrust of me. Have I not always serv'd you faithfully? Why do you shun me thus? What have I done to call my Truth in Question? But I see you are still doubtful; 'tis enough; I'll leave you; and may you light of one will serve you better. Farewel.

Alin. Prithee forgive me: I know thou art faithful, and thou art welcome to me; a welcome Partner to my Miseries. Thou knowest I love thee too.

Jul. I have indeed thought so.

Alin. Alas! my Fears have so distracted me, I durst not trust myself.

Jul. Pray throw 'em by then, and let 'em distract you so no more; at least, consider how to prevent 'em. Pray put off this Fool's Coat; tho' it has kept you secret hitherto, 'tis known now, and will betray you. Your Arch-Enemy *Roderigo* is abroad, and a thousand more are looking for you.

Alin. I know it, and wou'd gladly change my Dress if I knew how: But, alas! I have no other.

Jul. I'll equip you. I lay last Night at a poor Widow's House here in the Thicket, where I'll carry you, and disguise you anew; myself too to attend you.

Alin. But hast thou any Money? For mine's all gone.

Jul. Enough for this Occasion: I did not come out empty.

Alin. Hast thou seen *Roderigo* lately?

Jul. This very Morning, in these Woods. Take Heed, for he has got a new Shape.

Alin. A Pilgrim's Habit, I know it: Was he alone?

Jul. No, Madam: And, which made me wonder, he was in Company with that very Pilgrim, that handsome Man you were concern'd you gave nothing to.

Alin. Is't possible!

Jul. The very same.—See how one may be deceiv'd! I shou'd ne'er have thought him a Companion for such a Villain.

Alin.

Alin. Did they seem Friends?

Jul. The greatest that cou'd be.

Alin. Intimate;

Jul. Walk'd with their Arms about one another's Waste.

Alin. What can this mean?

Jul. Lord! how she trembles!

Alin. Canst thou shew 'em me?

Jul. Not for the World in this Dress: But come with me to my old Woman's; and when we are new cas'd I'll shew you any thing.

Alin. Let's be speedy then; for I am full of Agitation: Come, as we go, I'll tell thee all my Secrets.

Jul. I'll keep them faithfully. — This is the Way, Madam. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Governor, Verdugo, and Citizens.

Gov. Use all your Sports, good People, all your Solemnities: 'Tis the King's Birth-day, a Day we ought to honour.

1st Cit. We will, Noble Governor, and make Segovia ring with Joy.

2d Cit. We shou'd be a little more hearty in our Mirth tho', if your Honour wou'd take into your Consideration the Miseries we suffer by these Out-laws here. Our Trade's undone by 'em; Strangers dare not come near us; besides, our Wives and Daughters make woful Complaints of 'em.

Gov. I'm sorry for't; and have Orders from the King to help ye: You shan't be long perplex'd with 'em.

3d Cit. 'Tis Time they were routed truly; for they grow fearful Confident. They'll come to Church sometimes, and carry off our Alter Plate. Father *Dominic* has curs'd 'em all 'till he's grown hoarse again; so he says they are damn'd, which is some Comfort.

1st Cit. If your Honour were not here to awe 'em a little, they'd come and make us a Visit at this good Time.

3d Cit. Yes, they'd eat all our Meat, drink up our Drink, ring our Bells backwards, piss out our Bonfires; and, when their Mettle was up, have at the Fairest i' Faith.

2d Cit. Nay, have at All : They are none of your nice ones. My poor Mother's Fourscore and odd, and she made shift to get herself ravish'd among't 'em.

Gov. Are they so fierce ? D'ye hear *Verdugo* ? After this Solemnity is over, I'll send you, with a Party to attack 'em. We'll try if we can tame 'em.

Ver. Their Captain *Roderigo* is to be pitied ; a Gentleman, and a brave Soldier too.

Gov. The Court have not rewarded him as his Services have deserv'd ; their Neglect of him has urg'd him to this Course.

Ver. They have a hungry Eye on his Estate ; 'tis that, I doubt, keeps back his Pardon.

Gov. It had been pass'd e're this else : But he wants Temper to discern the Cause.

Ver. Have you ne'er heard, Sir, of the Noble *Pedro* yet ?

Gov. Never. I fear he's dead. The Court bewails his Loss ; the King himself laments him.

Ver. He has Reason ; 'twas in his Service he undid himself : And, if he had rewarded him as he deserv'd, h'had had him still to merit more.

Gov. If he be still alive, and e'er return, I know he is resolv'd to make him happy. But come let's to the Church, and there begin the Celebration of our Royal Master's Birth-day.

Enter Roderigo and Pedro.

Rod. How sweet these solitary Places are ! how wanton. by the Wind blows through the Leaves, and courts and plays with 'em ? Will ye sit down and Sleep ; 'tis wondrous hot.

Ped. I cannot sleep, my Friend ; My Heart's too watchful to admit of Slumbers.

Rod. The Murmurs of this Stream perhaps may lull you into Rest : Hark ! the Birds join too to ease you. Pray sit down. ——— (*Aside.*) I fain wou'd wooe his Fancy into Peace ; I see 'tis much disturb'd — Will you not try to take a Moments Rest ?

Ped. It is impossible : Have you seen no one yet ?

Rod.

Rod. No Creature.

Ped. What strange Musick was that we heard far off?

Rod. I cannot guess; it was uncommon; sometimes it seem'd hard by, at least I thought so.

Ped. It pleas'd me much: What cou'd it be? here's no Inhabitants.

Rod. They talk of Fairies, and such airy Beings: If there are such, methinks they could not chuse a lovelier Dwelling.

Ped. Those Rocks, there, look like enchanted Cells, form'd for such Inhabitants. Hark! more Musick! (*Musick.*) 'Tis here again! Hark! gentle *Roderigo*! O Love! what Fuel's this to feed thy Flame? O *Alinda*!

Rod. (*aside.*) By all his Woes, he weeps.

(*They lie down.*)

Enter Alinda and Juletta like old Women.

Rod. What are these?

Ped. What!

Rod. Those there; those Things that come upon us: Did not I say these Woods had Wonder in 'em?

Jul. Now you may view 'em: There are the Men you wish'd for. There they are both; now you may boldly talk with 'em, and ne'er be guess'd at. Don't be afraid: See! they're surpriz'd! they don't know what to make of us.

Alin. I Tremble!

Jul. Then you spoil all: Take Courage and attack 'em, I'll bring you off, I'll warrant ye.

Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo*; what Peace dwells in their Faces? What a friendly Calm?

Rod. They seem Mortal: They come upon us still.

Ped. Let's meet 'em; Fear won't become us. Hail reverend Dames!

Alin. What do you seek, good Men?

Ped. We wou'd seek happier Fortunes.

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em.

Lie not still, nor longer here;

Here inhabits nought but Fear:

Be constant, good, in Faith be clear,

Fortune will wait ye every where.

Ped. Whither shou'd we go ? For we believe thee, and will obey thee.

Alin. Go to *Segovia* ; and there before the Alter pay thy Vows, thy Gifts and Prayers ; unload thy Heaviness. There shed thy mournful Tears, and gain thy Suit ; Such honest, noble Showers ne'er want Fruit.

Jul. to *Rod.* And next for you.

See how he quakes !

A secure Conscience never shakes,

Thou hast been Ill, be so no more.

A good Retreat is a great Store :

Thou hast commanded Men of Might ;

Command thy Self, and then thou'rt right.

Command thy Will, thy foul Desires ;

Quench thy wild, unhallow'd Fires.

Command thy Mind ; let that be pure ;

A Blessing then thou may'st procure.

Take sage Advice : Go say thy Prayers ;

Thou hast as many Sins as Hairs.

Of Lawless Men, a Lawless Chief ;

A Rebel bloody, and a Thief.

Alin. Retire, thou trembling Guilt, retire ;

And purge thee perfect in his Fire :

His Life observe ; be that thy Guide,

And Heav'en may then be on thy Side.

Jul. At *Segovia*, both appear.

Alin. Be Wise, and Happiness is near.

Both. Be Wise, and Happiness is near.

(*Exeunt.*)

Rod. Astonishment ! What can this mean ? They know my very Soul.

Ped. Mine they've inspir'd : — Be Wise, and Happiness is near. Those were their parting Words. They had the awful Sound of sacred Truth, and I have Faith to comfort me. Come on, my Friend. The Oracle enjoins an easy Pilgrimage. Let's try what Fate intends us. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter

Enter Master of the Mad-House, Sebarto and Curio.

Cur. We have told you what he is, what Time we have fought him, his Nature and his Name; the seeming Boy too, we have given you I think a fair Account of.

Seb. That the Duke shou'd send that Letter, is impossible; he knows him not. And for his Madness, that we both can clear him of. A Humourist he is indeed, a great one, violent too on every small Occasion ——— but no more ———

Cur. 'Twas some Trick that brought him hither; the Letter and the Page, both Counterfeits: If therefore you'd be well advis'd, don't keep him longer here.

Maft. Gentlemen, you have satisfied me, and I'll release him: Tho' I must confess, whether you call it Madness or not, I believe a little more of our Discipline wou'd do the old Gentleman a Kindness. But I'll dispute no longer — you shall have him.

Seb. Sir, we thank ye.

Maft. Here, bring out the old Gentleman; I believe he may be something weak, for we have dieted him low, and taken a great deal of Blood from him.

Cur. Poor *Alphonso*!

Enter Keeper with Alphonso.

Seb. Poor *Alphonso* indeed! Was there ever such a Skeleton! Sir, I'm glad once more to meet with you. (*To Alph.*)

Cur. I'm overjoy'd to find you.

Alph. Soft, no Flights: Passions are all forbid here. Let your Tongue go like a Pendulum, steady; or that Gentleman there will regulate your Motion, with fifty Strokes o' the Back presently.

Seb. There's no Danger: You are safe too; we have satisfied the Master, who, and what you are: And he has consented to release you.

Maft. Yes, Sir, these Gentlemen have assur'd me you are a sober Person; so I ask your Excuse for what's past, and restore you to your Liberty.

The PILGRIM.

Alph. Very concise indeed : I am much beholden to you truly ; and do confess with great Humility I have not deserv'd the Favours you have been pleas'd to bestow upon me. But if I have the Honour to see you at my House, I shall not forget to return your Bounty with some Strokes of Acknowledgement.

Maft. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Alph. Sir, entirely yours.

Maft. Farewel, Gentlemen.

(*Exit Master.*)

Alph. Come, Friends, one under one Arm, and t'other under t'other : I must make a Pair of Crutches of ye.——

Seb. You are very weak indeed.

Cur. You look wretchedly.

Alph. A little in Love only, that's all. Ah *Sebento*. Ah *Curio* —— such Discipline ! The Lord have Mercy on me. Had I been here 'till To-morrow Morning, this Dog wou'd not have left me six Ounces of Blood in my whole Body.

Seb. Can you imagine who put this Trick upon you ?

Alph. The Devil, to be sure ; but who gave him his Cue I can't tell —— Come, carry me off : Lead me to Church, I'm in a very religious Fit at this Time, and will give some small Thanks for my Delivery : When that's over, I'll be reveng'd. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E an Altar.

Solemn Musick.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, who make their several Offerings kneeling.

Gov. This——To Devotion sacred be.

This——To the King's Prosperity.

This——To the Queen, and Chastity. (*Mus. flourish.*)

Cor. Sings. Long live the King ;

Prolong, ye Powers, prolong his Sway ;

Repeat, repeat this joyful Day,

Long live the King.

Vers.

Ver. — These Oblations first we bring
To purge ourselves: These to the King:
To Love and Beauty these: Accept our Offering,

Chor. — Long live the King, &c.

Enter Pedro and Roderigo.

Ped. — For ourselves first thus we bend;

Rod. — Forgive us, Heav'n, and be our Friend,
With Glory bless, and long preserve
The Prince we do, or ought, to serve:
Accept our Offerings we implore;
The Peace, which we have lost, restore.

Ped. — Give me *Alinda*, and I ask no more.

Chor. — Long live the King, &c.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Sebarto.

Alph. — For my lost Wits (let me see)
First I pray; and secondly,
To be at Home again and free;
And If I travel more, ——— hang me.
Next for the King, and for the Queen,
That they be wise, and never seen
Where I was, in the Madman's Inn.
For my Daughter I should pray;
But, since the Strumpet's run away,
In Heaven's Presence I forsake her,
And give the Devil Leave to take her.

Chor. — Long live the King, &c.

Enter Alinda and Juletta, like Shepherdesses.

Jul. Here they all are, Madam; but fear nothing: The
Place protects you. My old *Bilboa* Master; o' my Con-
science. How in the Name of Mischief got he out? But
they have pepper'd him I see: That's some Comfort.

Alin. Hail to this sacred Place. (*Going to the Altar.*

Seb. 'Tis She, sure. *Cur.* 'Tis certainly.

Ped. Is it a Vision? Or is it She?

Rod. 'Tis she, and what, you were foretold, is now at
Hand. Rejoice, my Friend, for Happiness attends you.

Gov. (*Aside.*) What is't these Strangers seem so much
surpriz'd at?

Alph. I had a Daughter once with just such a young
whorish Leer as that: A Filly too, that waited on her;
much

much such a Slut as t'other. Are they come to keeping of Goats? 'Tis very well.

Alin. — Thus we kneel, and thus we pray,
Happiness attend this Day.
Our Sacrifice we hither bring,
And sue for Blessings on the King.

Jul. — These of Purple, Damask Green,
Sacred to the Virtuous Queen.
Here we hang: As these are now,
May her Glories spring and flow.

Alin. — These for ourselves, our Hopes and Loves,
Full of Pinks and Ladies Gloves.
Of Hearts-Ease too, which we wou'd fain,
As we labour for, attain.
Hear me, Heav'n, and, as I bend
With Faith and Hope, some Comfort send:

Jul. — Hear her, hear her, if there be
A spotless Sweetness, this is She.

Ghor. — Long live the King, &c.

Ped. Now, *Roderigo*, I may stand in Need of your Assistance.

Rod. My Life is yours.

Ped. Then with a Joy that Lovers know, but none else can-conceive, let me approach this beauteous Wanderer.

Alin. O *Pedro*!

Ped. My Life, my Heav'n.

Alph. *Pedro*: The Devil it is?

Gov. Noble *Pedro*! Are we so happy to have you still among us? This is an unexpected Blessing.

Alph. (*Aside.*) A very great Blessing indeed.

Ped. In Spite of all my Grievs, Life still prevails: Fate seems to have some farther Business for me; if 'tis to wander on with fruitless Care, and buffet still with Disappointments, let Manhood be my Aid: But if the sullen Cloud, that long has lowring hung about my Head, be destin'd to withdraw, 'tis the warm Influence of your Blessing, Sir, that must disperse it. (*Kneels to Alphonso.*)

Alph. I bless thee! — Ha, ha! — — Damn thee.

Gov. Sir, tho' I am a Stranger both to you, and the Request the Noble *Pedro* makes you; his Merit's so well,
known

known to me, that I must be his Second in his Suit, and tell you, nothing can e'er be in your Power to grant, but his Desert may claim.

Alph. I don't know what his Desert may claim, Governor : But, if he claims any thing but a Gallows, he's a very impudent Fellow.

Rod. Perhaps I being a Mediator, Sir, may change your Thoughts of him ———

Alph. *Roderigo !*

Rod. *Roderigo*, Sir, becomes a Supplicant for *Pedro*, that you wou'd bless yourself in Blessing him, and bless him with the Fair *Alinda*.

Alph. (*Aside.*) Here's a Dog for you : He finds the Jade's a Scamperer, so he has a Mind to be off of the Lay. ———
(*To Rod.*) Are you serious in this Request, Sir ?

Rod. Most serious, Sir.

Alph. (*Aside.*) I believe you may. Let me see : He has a Mind to be rid of her, why should not I ? *Pedro's* a Dog, and, if I cou'd hang him, I wou'd. But since I can't, I'll be reveng'd another Way ; he shall marry the Whore. —
(*To Ped.*) Look ye, Sir ; and, Madam, (*Bowing to Alin.*) I have made some short Reflections upon the present Posture of Affairs, and am come to a short Conclusion. As to my Blessing, I can't conveniently spare it you : But, if you can contrive to bless one another, you may e'en be as Blessed as you please.

Ped. Most generous *Alphonso*. ———

Alph. Most Courtly *Pedro*, you may spare your Compliment ; for, if you take my Word for it, the Present, I have made you, does not deserve it.

Jul. But I that know her, better than he that got her, say, she deserves the World.

Alph. Hark you, Madam ; you had a Gillian once, nimble Chaps I think we call'd her ; pray is this the Lady ?

Jul. No, Sir, she's at Home as you order'd her : I'm a little Foot-boy, that walks a' Nights, and frighten old Gentlemen, make 'em lose Hats and Cloaks ———

Alph. And Horses-too, ha ?

Jul. Sometimes I do, Sir, when the Case requires it.
I teach

I teach them the Way too through Hedges and Ditches :
And how to break their Shins against a Stile.

Alph. A very pretty Art truly.

Jul. Sometimes I'm a Drum, Sir ; a Drum at Mid-
night. Ran tan dan, dra dan tan, Sir ; a Page too upon
Occasion, to carry Letters for the securing of old Strolers.

Alph. Thou art the Devil.

Jul. I'm worse, Sir, I'm an old Woman sometimes
that tells Fortunes.

Rod. Ha !

Jul. And fright Pilgrims, and send 'em to *Segovia* for
their Fortunes. I am Musick too, any thing to do her
good. And now she has got her Lover, I am *Juletta* again,
and at your Service, Sir, if you please to forgive me.

Alph. I dare do no otherwise, lest thou shoud'st follow
me still : So I desire we may be Friends, with all my
Heart ; and, Gentlemen, if any of you have a Mind to
marry her ———

Jul. Sir, I am oblig'd to you ; but I'm marry'd to my
Mistress : with her I hope to pass some three or four-
score Years : So when you have any more Pranks to play,
Sir, you know where to have me ———

Alph. 'Tis very well, I shall be sure to send to thee.

Ped. One Reconciliation more lies on my Hands : In
which I must engage the generous Governor. ——— *Rode-
rigo*, Sir, is not unknown to you ; nor is a Stranger to
your Interest with the King : I hope you will employ it
to restore him.

Gov. The King, indeed, is much incens'd ; but, when
his Merit shall be laid before him, I hope he'll find it ea-
sy to forget his Crimes : Be it my Care to set him right
at Court.

Alph. And mine to get Home to my House again ; and
if I leave it for such another Expedition ——— (*To Jul.*)
May'st thou be my Fellow-Traveller.

Gov. I hope, before you go, Sir, you'll share with us
an Entertainment the late Great Poet of our Age prepar'd
to celebrate this Day. Let the Masque begin.



THE
Secular MASQUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Enter Janus.

Janus. **C**Hronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace,
An hundred Times the rolling Sun
Around the Radiant Belt has run
In his revolving Race.
Behold, behold, the Goal in Sight,
Spread thy Fans, and wing thy Flight.

*Enter Chronos, with a Scythe in his Hand, and a Globe on
his Back ; which he sets down at his Entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my Weight,
Let me, let me drop my Freight,
And leave the World behind.
I could not bear,
Another Year,
The Load of Human-kind.

Enter Momus Laughing.

Momus. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy Back,
The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,
And

The PILGRIM.

And since neither Janus, nor Chronus, nor I,
Can hinder the Crimes,
Or mend the bad Times,
'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Cho. of all 3. *'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.*

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the Show,
That he may see, in every Scene,
What Changes in this Age have been.

Chronos. Then Goddess of the Silver Bow begin.

(Horns, or Hunting-Musick within.)

Enter Diana.

Diana. With Horns and with Hounds, I waken the Day;
And hie to my Woodland Walks away;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon.
I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
And chase the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks,
With Shouting and Hooting we pierce thro' the
Sky.

And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Cho. of all. *With Shouting and Hooting we pierce thro' the
Sky.*

And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Janus. Then our Age was in'ts Prime:

Chronos. Free from Rage:

Diana. ——— And free from Crime.

Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho. of all. *Then our Age was in'ts Prime,
Free from Rage, and free from Crime,
A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.*

(Dance of Diana's Attendants.)

Enter

The PILGRIM.

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Enter Mars.

Mars. Inspire the Vocal Brass, inspire ;
The World is past its Infant Age :
Arms and Honour,
Arms and Honour,
Set the Martial Mind on Fire,
And kindle Manly Rage.
Mars has look'd the Sky to Red ;
And Peace, the lazy Good, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;
The Sprightly Green,
In *Woodland* Walks, no more is seen ;
The sprightly Green has drunk the *Tyrian Dye*.
Cho. of all. *Plenty, Peace, &c.*

Mars. Sound the Turnpet, beat the Drum ;
Through all the World around,
Sound a Reveille, found, found,
The Warrior God is come.
Cho. of all. *Sound the Trumpet, &c.*

Momus. Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,
And let Mankind agree ;
Better the World were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by Thee.
The Fools are only thinner,
With all our Cost and Care ;
But neither Side a Winner,
For Things are as they were.
Cho, of all. *The Fools are only, &c.*

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are past ;
Love will have his Hour at last :
Nature is my kindly Care ;
Mars destroys, and I repair ;

Take

Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*

Chronos. The World was then so light,
 I scarcely felt the Weight;
 Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.
 But, since the Queen of Pleasure left the Ground,
 I faint, I lag,
 And feebly drag
 The pondrous Orb around.

Momus. All, all of a Piece throughout;

Point-
 ing to } Thy Chace had a Beast in View;

Diana }
 (To *Mars*) Thy Wars brought nothing about;

(To *Venus*) Thy Lovers were all untrue.

Janus. 'Tis well an Old Age is out,

Chronos. And Time to begin a New.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a Piece throughout;*

Thy Chace had a Beast in View:

Thy Wars brought nothing about:

Thy Lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an Old Age is out,

And Time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs, Warriors, and Lovers.

SONG



SONG of a *Scholar* and his *Mistress*, who
being cross'd by their Friends, fell mad
for one another; and now first meet in
Bedlam.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

[Musick within.]

The Lovers enter at opposite Doors, each held by a Keeper.

Phillis. **L**ook, look, I see — I see my Love appear;
'Tis he — 'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

Amyntas. Hark ! the Winds war ;
The foamy Waves roar ;
I see a Ship afar :
Tossing and tossing, and making to the Shoar :
But what's that I view,
So radiant of Hue,
St. *Hermo*, St. *Hermo*, that fits upon the Sails ?
Ah ! No, no, no.

St. *Hermo*, never, never shone so bright ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, only *Phillis*, can shoot so fair a Light ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, 'tis *Phillis*, that saves the Ship alone,
 For all the Winds are hush'd, and the Storm is
 (overblown.

Phillis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his Arms.

Amyntas.

Amyntas. If all the Fates combine,
 And all the Furies join.
 I'll force my Way to *Phillis*, and break thro' the
 (Charm.
*(Here they break from their Keepers,
 run to each other, and embrace.)*

Phillis. Shall I marry the Man I love ?
 And shall I conclude my Pains ?
 Now blest'd be the Powers above,
 I feel the Blood bound in my Veins ;
 With a lively Leap it began to move,
 And the Vapours leave my Brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to Body, and Heart join'd to Heart,
 To make sure of the Cure,
 Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o'er his
 (Part.

Phillis. But suppose he should stay —————

Amyntas. At worst if he Delay,
 'Tis a Work must be done,
 We'll borrow but a Day,
 And the better, the sooner begun.

Cho. of both. At worst if he delay, &c.

[They run out together Hand in Hand.]





EPILOGUE.

By Mr. Dryden.

 *Perhaps the Parson stretch'd a Point too
When with our Theatres he wag'd a War. (far,
He tells you, That this very Moral Age
Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage.
But sure, a banish'd Court, with Lewdness fraught,
The Seeds of open Vice, returning, brought.
Thus Lodg'd (as Vice by great Example thrives)
It first debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives.
London, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.
The Poets, who must live by Courts, or starve,
Were proud, so good a Government to serve;
And, mixing with Buffoons and Pimps profane,
Tainted the Stage, for some small Snip of Gain.
For they, like Harlots, under Bawds profess,
Took all th' ungodly Pains, and got the least.
Thus did the thriving Malady prevail,
The Court, it's Head, the Poets but the Tail.
The Sin was of our Native Growth, 'tis true;
The Scandal of the Sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
White-hall the naked Venus first reveal'd.*

Who

EPILOGUE.

*Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her Shrine,
 The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divine.
 'E're this, if Saints had any secret Motion,
 'Twas Chamber-Practice all, and close Devotion,
 I pass the Pettcadillo's of their Time;
 Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.
 A Monarch's Blood was venial to the Nation,
 Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.
 Now, they wou'd silence us, and shut the Door,
 That let in all the bare-fac'd Vice before.
 As for reforming us, which some pretend,
 That Work in England is without an End:
 Well we may change, but we shall never mend.
 Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
 We hope much better of the coming Age.
 What wou'd you say, if we shou'd first begin
 To stop the Trade of Love, behind the Scene:
 Where Actresses make bold with married Men?
 For while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,
 Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.
 In short, we'll grow as Moral as we can,
 Save here and there a Woman or a Man:
 But neither you, nor we, with all our Pains,
 Can make clean Work; there will be some Remains,
 While you have still your Oats, and we our Hains.*



F I N I S.

